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Contributions by **Christine Jope-Slade, Jessie Pope, Peggy Primrose, Barry Pain, William Le Queux, etc.**

The October

# ROYAL

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*Photo* *Elvin Nouse.*

**"Whether at work or play, short skirts are a great blessing," says Miss Peggy Primrose, the beautiful young actress, who on page 489 extols their merits, and poses in a bewitching variety of short-skirted frocks.**



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*Photo.* *Flora Nunn.*

**Englishwomen can no longer be accused of being ill-shod, for, as Miss Primrose points out, short skirts have wakened them up to the attractions of smart footgear.**

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# "Short Skirts for Me"..

By Peggy Primrose.

Short skirts are still with us. "Long may they remain!" is the wish of Miss Peggy Primrose, the charming young actress, who made such a hit in *More* and *Half-past Eight*, and who will shortly be seen in the new revue at The Palace Theatre. Miss Primrose is an ardent believer in short skirts, and the following photographs — specially taken for the ROYAL MAGAZINE by Elwin Neame — prove up to the hilt her arguments in favour of the prevailing fashion.

"Taxi!" Now that, in the absence of male escort, we have to fend for ourselves in the matter of transport, it's a great relief to be freed from anxiety about trailing skirts.

In these enlightened days there are but few people who believe that ankles are for private view only, and that the girl who exhibits a few inches of stocking is qualifying for a reformatory. Long skirts were all very well in the leisurely times before the war, but in the "haven't-a-minute-to-spare" days, which are the rule now, they would be about as practical as ballet skirts in a munition factory.

It's really almost like being dowered with an extra hand, for in the old days one hand was always on "active service," saving one's petticoats from extinction. To-day we have both hands free, which is a great advantage now that "everyone her own errand boy" is the order of the day. And even those good souls who contend that the human ankle is a shameful sight, cannot deny that long skirts were horribly unhealthy, and that the dirt

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of stocking are visible below the hem of the skirt; but these are among the minor "horrors of war," and the exception rather than the rule.

Personally, I think it was very thoughtful of fashion designers as a race to endow us with short skirts just when we have to be so very independent on account of our menfolk being on Active Service. Now that we have to hold up our own umbrellas, climb over our own stiles, and do without many of the pleasant attentions that once were ours, it really is a blessing to be untrammelled by superfluous drapery. Even wet weather is more bearable now that our skirts are above high-water mark, and we can go on our way rejoicing without mopping up stray puddles, while the time spent in "clothes-brush drill" is wonderfully lessened.

Don't think that I'm at one with those

No one need mind carrying her own parcels if she has both hands free for the purpose. Miss Peggy Primrose makes light of it—

from the public streets is far better dealt with by the local authorities than swept up on trailing petticoats.

One thing short skirts have done—they have taught us to deal worthily with our feet. At one time Englishwomen were frequently accused of being ill-shod; now that stigma is removed, for, with the aid of silk stockings and enterprising shoemakers, we manage to make quite a brave show, thank you! Of course, there are always some misguided spirits who will abuse their privileges by wedding purple hose to a grey costume, or flaunting suède-topped boots of such inadequate height that inches

—and points out the suitability of a short frock and an equally short overall for the busy housewife.

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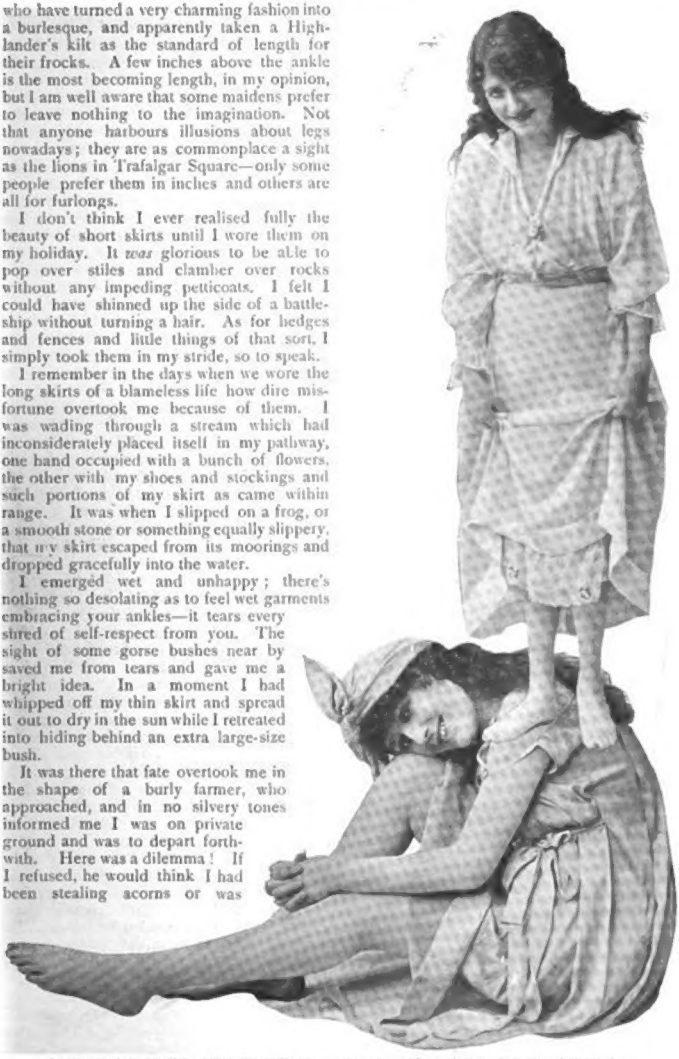
who have turned a very charming fashion into a burlesque, and apparently taken a Highlander's kilt as the standard of length for their frocks. A few inches above the ankle is the most becoming length, in my opinion, but I am well aware that some maidens prefer to leave nothing to the imagination. Not that anyone harbours illusions about legs nowadays; they are as commonplace a sight as the lions in Trafalgar Square—only some people prefer them in inches and others are all for furlongs.

I don't think I ever realised fully the beauty of short skirts until I wore them on my holiday. It *was* glorious to be able to pop over stiles and clamber over rocks without any impeding petticoats. I felt I could have shinned up the side of a battleship without turning a hair. As for hedges and fences and little things of that sort, I simply took them in my stride, so to speak.

I remember in the days when we wore the long skirts of a blameless life how dire misfortune overtook me because of them. I was wading through a stream which had inconsiderately placed itself in my pathway, one hand occupied with a bunch of flowers, the other with my shoes and stockings and such portions of my skirt as came within range. It was when I slipped on a frog, or a smooth stone or something equally slippery, that my skirt escaped from its moorings and dropped gracefully into the water.

I emerged wet and unhappy; there's nothing so desolating as to feel wet garments embracing your ankles—it tears every shred of self-respect from you. The sight of some gorse bushes near by saved me from tears and gave me a bright idea. In a moment I had whipped off my thin skirt and spread it out to dry in the sun while I retreated into hiding behind an extra large-size bush.

It was there that fate overtook me in the shape of a burly farmer, who approached, and in no silvery tones informed me I was on private ground and was to depart forthwith. Here was a dilemma! If I refused, he would think I had been stealing acorns or was



A pretty petticoat like that of Miss Peggy Primrose can be worn with an easy mind now that it is safe from mud and dust; and yet not so long ago a bathing-suit was the only short-skirted costume we possessed!

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Most men like short skirts, which, in Miss Primrose's opinion, is another argument in favour of them, as whether at home or at the Front it is their tastes we study.

transmitting messages to Berlin from a wireless installation hidden in the gorse bushes; if I emerged inadequately clad, he would—such is the rural mind!—probably die of shock.

I emerged, staking my all on the fair embroidery and chaste pink ribbons of my undergarment, and the hope that it would have a softening effect on the masculine mind, which is much the same be it Dartmoor or Piccadilly. Whether it was admiration—it was really a charming petticoat!—or utter disgust, I never discovered, but, after staring open-mouthed for a full twenty seconds, the good man turned on his heel and made tracks for the gate, apparently convinced that closer inspection would prove disconcerting.

Another argument in favour of short skirts is that men like them, and, whether they are at home or at the Front, we still dress mainly to please them. The male creature likes soft, frilly frocks, but he likes them to be trim and taut. "Flowing garments are O.K.," said one youthful sub. of my acquaintance, "as long as they don't overflow." And that's just what long skirts did.

So that, added to our own comfort in wearing short skirts, we may bask in the approval of our menfolk. For even if they are on Active Service and our chances of seeing them very remote, it is for them we keep ourselves up to concert pitch as regards clothes. As one young war bride expressed it, when chided for buying new bedroom slippers in wartime: "I should not like Jack to think he was fighting for a woman who wore dirty bedroom slippers!"

Of course, when it comes to dancing, short frocks win every time. How many otherwise glorious evenings have been clouded by the tear that an unskilful partner would trample on your trailing skirts, or by hurried exits to the cloakroom in search of solace and safety-pins! It is so much easier, too, to dance in a short skirt, and—let me whisper it!—makes the acquiring of superlative shoes and stockings so much more worth while.

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I remember a sad experience which befel me at one of the first dances I ever went to. I had only recently been promoted to long frocks, and was tremendously proud of my trailing pink skirts. At first all went well; my partners managed their feet beautifully, and my rosy draperies bade fair to remain intact throughout the evening. It was during a raid on the refreshment buffet that things began to happen.

My partner was a shy youth, nicely brought up, but devoid of confidence. He regarded me with as much awe as though I were the matron of a reformatory instead of a very young girl, not long escaped from Green's History of England and recurring decimals. The effort of obtaining ices from the rather imposing buffet attendant sapped him of all moral courage, so that when he returned I begged him, in a spirit of commiseration, to sit beside me on the lounge.

All might have been well had he not planted a large and weighty foot on the hem of my skirt just as I moved up to make room for him. There was a fearful sound of ripping silk, an appalled exclamation, and—there was I with a frock mutilated far beyond the first-aid of pins and other cloak-room contrivances.

If my partner had committed murder he could hardly have been more horrified, so being a soft-hearted damsel there was nothing for it but to make light of the damage, and spare his feelings as much as I could. My one idea was to seek the haven of the cloak-room without letting him see the woeful havoc he had wrought.

I sent him for more ices, hoping he would be unduly delayed—the buffet was close at hand—and so give me time to escape. A miracle happened, and he returned in triumph ere I had gathered my tattered skirt about my ankles. I sent him to search for an imaginary fan, and he invoked the services of a waiter, and returned to babble penitent words and futile masculine suggestions for repairing the damage.

I was beginning to feel murderous, when Providence stepped in, and with a nice sense of the fitness of things, compelled my too attentive partner to enforced retirement. He had a cup of coffee on the table when somehow his elbow caught the cup—no, I assure you I had no hand in it!—and the contents cascaded over his knees in a hot brown flood. He was a brave boy, for the coffee was of tropical heat, but he managed to wring out a tremulous smile before he fled to the cloak room, leaving me free to retire into private life with my damaged finery.

And if only my skirt had been short, it would never have happened. The moral is obvious, isn't it?

Sometimes I wonder what we shall do when short

Short petticoats are a godsend in the country, and enable you to pop over stiles and negotiate hedges with grace and dispatch.

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Miss Primrose considers short frocks most becoming on the stage, and——

skirts go out of fashion, for I suppose it is too much to expect that they will become an institution, like eggs and bacon and water rates and spring-cleaning. Dire rumours reach us from time to time that the end of their reign draws near, but like blouses and low collars, whose fates once trembled in the balance, it may be their popularity will long remain undiminished.

Of course, there's no law to prevent your wearing short skirts for ever and ever, but it takes a lot of moral courage to set yourself up against the decrees of fashion, so that I suppose if it is ordained later on that frocks are to be long, we shall yield meekly to our fate. But we *shall* loathe them; at least, I know I shall!

Personally, I have only met one person who did not admit that there was some virtue in short skirts. She was an elderly lady, who dwelt in the country two miles from the nearest cart-rut, and clung tenaciously to ribbed stockings and elastic-sided boots.

"Don't talk to me of short skirts, my dear," she said. "Nothing would induce me to wear them," which, considering the nature of her footgear, I thought particularly considerate. For if we must suffer an over liberal display of ankle, at least let it be adequately adorned.

Really, I can't think of anything *against* short skirts; they seem to me so eminently practical and becoming. And if some people do favour abridged editions—well, think of the fettered lives we led when hobble skirts were in fashion, and put it down to the reaction.

——wonders whether in view of Zeppelin raids it would not be a good plan to cut down the length of our nighties, that we might be less hampered should we have to run.

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A SPLENDID STORY OF "DONOVAN OF DOWNING STREET."

Donovan, the hero of these splendid stories.

# THE YELLOW TUBE.

By William Le Queux.

In the following story the Honourable Hugh Donovan, King's Foreign Service Messenger, pits his brains against those of a woman. How he outwits her and her confederate—both spies of the German Government—forms the basis of a thrilling adventure.

The Honourable Hugh Donovan, the King's Foreign Service Messenger from Downing Street, had been back from the Arctic for three weeks, and had spent those idle days mostly in company with Mabel Metcalfe, his *fiancée*.

Every day he was at Sir Lionel's house in Draycott Place, and usually Mabel drove him in her car out to Wisley, to Dorking, to Hatfield, St. Albans, or other of their favourite runs for luncheon and gossip.

Those blissful days of delight passed all too rapidly, but to Hugh they were a sweet and welcome relaxation after the constant hard travelling and severe strain of ever wary watchfulness.

One wet and rather gloomy afternoon he was seated at the writing-table in his cosy room in Half Moon Street carefully reading three closely-typed sheets—a very interesting report it would appear by his absorbed manner.

After he had read to the end, he took from his blotting-pad a tiny snapshot photograph, unmounted and rather crumpled, as though it had been carried in someone's pocket. The picture had no doubt been taken surreptitiously by a waistcoat-pocket camera. The print he examined very carefully by means of a large, silver-rimmed magnifying-glass.

"H'm! So that's the clever game, is it?" he remarked aloud. "If I take the matter in hand I must do it quite unofficially. My methods would never be sanctioned—yet they are the only methods when one is dealing with the enemy," he added, still speaking to himself.

Then leaning back in his padded chair, gazing at the ceiling, he drew a long, hard breath, passing his thin, white hand wearily across his broad brow. His dark eyes, so quick and searching, fixed themselves thoughtfully upon the typewritten report before him.

"Plainly, something must be done at once," he muttered. "Churston's suspicions are no doubt well-founded—a devilishly cunning scheme—one which we must upset at all hazards. Phew! Only fancy! Gemma at the game!"

Again he examined the secret photograph critically.

Then, taking up his pen, he went carefully through the typewritten pages, marking upon a sheet of paper notes of certain names and addresses.

Bettinson, his man, came in softly with a

glass of Russian tea upon a salver, for his master always preferred tea to coffee in the afternoon when idling and smoking. To the pale yellow liquid had been added lemon-juice without either sugar or milk.

Donovan glanced at his scribbled notes. Then he took the glass of Russian tea from Bettinson, and holding it up with the eye of a connoisseur, sipped it.

"Well! I'm off in a day or two by Southampton and Havre, by the 'Tommies'" train from Waterloo," he said. "I shall run out to Packington Street to-night at six—that is, if nobody is watching. Gad! The enemy seem to take a curiously paternal interest in all my movements, don't they?" and he laughed merrily.

Bettinson grinned; he was a most respectable figure in his pepper-and-salt trousers and well-cut black coat.

"Yes, sir, they do. But we beat 'em every time—don't we, sir?"

The Honourable Hugh nodded as he rose, and, crossing to a side-table, took one of his exquisite Russian cigarettes from the big silver box and lit it slowly, striking the vesta upon his boot.

"I shall go to Packington Street to-night, if I find all is clear. Come to me the day after to-morrow at six o'clock in the morning," he said decisively. "Should all be clear, I shall go yonder. If not, then I shall be back here to-night. See that my Number Two bags are complete; I may possibly want them. Also put in my revolver."

"Very good, sir," was the faithful valet's reply.

At seven o'clock that evening Hugh Donovan descended the granite steps of New Scotland Yard, passing out into Parliament Street, with a scribbled address in his pocket. It had taken him an hour to obtain it, but there it was, and he smiled to himself as he strolled along in the direction of Trafalgar Square.

Arrived there, he hesitated upon the kerb for a few moments, his quick eyes detecting the fact that a slim, elderly man had dogged his footsteps. Therefore he strolled slowly as far as Charing Cross Station, entering the hotel from the station-yard, and nodding to the gold-braided hall-porter who recognised him.

Passing through the hall, well aware that the watcher was hesitating to follow, he went on until he came to the exit which led out upon the railway-platform. By this door he slipped out, and down the steps into Villiers Street. Three minutes later he was on the "tube," travelling to Piccadilly Circus.

Hugh Donovan was always cleverly elusive, and often made use of the entrances and exits of the larger hotels for the purpose of evading detection.

At Piccadilly Circus he took a taxi up to Hampstead, pulling up at the foot of Fitzjohn's Avenue, and then, turning to the left, walked half-way up a thoroughfare of large, red-brick detached houses of the best Hampstead type, mostly the homes of wealthy men compelled to go to the City each day.

It had now grown dark, and the fact that the street-lamps were unlit because of the fear of Zeppelins, aided him considerably. One house, a large one standing back a considerable distance from the pavement, attracted him. In the dim half-light he saw the name painted upon the entrance-gate, and then looked up at its many dark windows.

Afterwards he wandered to the street-corner, and, lazily lighting a cigarette, waited there in patience.

He glanced presently at the luminous watch upon his wrist.

"It should take him about forty minutes from Victoria, if the boat-train is up to time," he muttered to himself. "To-night it was thirty minutes late starting from Newhaven."

He strolled along humming to himself a refrain that had been running through his head all day—one of the catchy songs of the latest revue.

At last there fell upon his ears the loud hum of a taxi coming up the hill, and its dimmed head-light appeared.

In a second he sprang along to the gate of the house in which he had been so interested, and crouched back in the deep shadow of the wall, where he could not be seen.

The taxi drew up at the kerb with a sudden jerk, when from it there alighted a rather stout, grey-haired man, with a thin, lithe young girl, the figures of whom he could only faintly see in the darkness. From the cab each carried a suit-case, while the driver took down a small trunk which he had beside him, and all three entered the drive and went up to the house, the door of which was flung open by someone eagerly expecting them.

In a moment Hugh had drawn from his pocket a vanity-bag of black *moiré* silk, and as soon as the travellers were inside the well-furnished hall he stepped smartly up, saying:

"I've just found this lying on the pavement, miss. I think it must be yours. It was outside the gate."

The girl, fair-haired, good-looking, and aged about twenty-two, very neatly dressed, and with considerable *chic*, glanced at Hugh in surprise. With a distinctly French accent she replied:

"No! I thank you, sir. But the bag is certainly not mine."

In that moment Donovan obtained a good glance at her face and also at that of her companion—a man with a hard, evil countenance, and small beady eyes—then with a word of apology he retired, saying he would hand the bag to the police.

Afterwards he went jauntily along to Fitzjohn's Avenue, smiling to himself at the success of his ruse.

"That's the first step, anyhow," he remarked to himself as the next moment he entered a taxi in which he drove to the Angel at Islington, whence he walked to his humble and secret dwelling-place, those two dingy rooms in Packington Street, off the Essex Road.

Having entered that frowsy, evil-smelling house by means of his latchkey, he found upon the table of his sitting-room—which was half photographic studio and half laboratory—a letter addressed to him in his guise of Mr. Marvin, a humble cinematograph operator. He tore it up without opening it. He sometimes had letters sent to him in that manner in order to disperse any unwelcome suspicions which might arise in the mind of his kind-hearted landlady.

Having retired into his bedroom for ten minutes or so, he came forth minus his coat and waistcoat, and wearing a pair of thin indiarubber gloves. He locked the door of the room, after which he went to a spacious cupboard, opening it with the key he carried upon his watch-chain, and taking therefrom the glass retort and spirit lamp with some other chemical apparatus, glass tubes, etc., including three small dark phials, which he handled very carefully with his covered hands.

From among the collection of apparatus he took a very tiny tube of thin glass, pale yellow in colour. It was hermetically sealed, but at one end, as he held it to the strong light, there could be seen a little plug of cotton-wool.

Critical examination of it evidently satisfied him, for, having mixed a few drops of two of the liquids from the phials, he added a carefully measured quantity of distilled water, placing the whole in the big glass retort.

Then he returned to his bedroom, appearing in his hideous gas-mask, thus showing that the science in which he was dabbling was one destined to destroy life.

Patiently he stood in his mask watching the mixture bubble, until at last it boiled, emitting a strange odour of seaweed. To this boiling mixture he added a very small quantity of nitrate of silver, carefully weighed in the apothecary's scales, and with it he mixed half the contents of the third phial.

The result, when this was placed into the boiling liquid, was to turn it instantly into a clear, bright scarlet, the steam of which was dark and acrid.

Afterwards he carried out the process of distilling a few drops of quite colourless liquid—one of the most subtle and deadly liquids known to toxicologists.

Then, breaking off the point of the thin tube in which the cotton-wool had been sealed, he carefully dropped eight drops of what he had distilled upon the wool, the liquid being instantly absorbed by it. A few moments later he added two drops of liquid gelatine. Then he took up a blow-pipe and, holding the thin glass tube in the blue glare of the spirit lamp, blew until the glass glowed and melted, thus resealing the tube.

Quite satisfied with what he had produced, he took some tobacco and a cigarette paper, and deftly concealed the little tube within a cigarette which bore the name of a well-known maker upon the paper.

Afterwards he returned to his bedroom, and, fagged out, undressed and turned in.

Ten days later, about five o'clock in the afternoon, Hugh was seated at one of the little tables outside Biffi's, that garish café in the Galleria, in the busy city of Milan, sipping his long glass of vermouth bitters and seltzer water, his soft felt hat set at a slight angle, and lazily smoking a thin Italian cigar.

That day he had travelled back to Italy by the Gotthard route from Lucerne, whither he had gone direct from London, and where he had spent an anxious forty-eight hours.

Though smoking so idly, and glancing at the latest war news in the *Corriere*, yet, truth to tell, he was keeping a very watchful eye upon the stream of people passing and repassing along the huge arcade.

Though he spent the whole of that evening in alert vigilance, he was yet compelled at last to rise and once more stroll out into the great moonlit square, around which the electric trams circulated in such constant procession.

Walking first under the colonnade before Bocconi's great drapery store, he turned and went to the corner of the Piazza Mercanti, at that hour alive with the busy Milanese, who love to crowd the broad pavements to gossip before retiring to rest.

For a moment he stood in hesitation. Then suddenly he turned up the Via Santa Margherita, and, passing the great theatre of La Scala, now closed during war-time, turned presently into a small, rather crooked thoroughfare of high, prison-like houses, many of them suites of offices.

Before one of these he halted and read the name upon the small tarnished brass-plate: "Luigi Prati. Notary-public."

His eyes detected two persons—the originals of that little crumpled photograph—

He rang at the big heavy door, when an elderly *concierge* opened it with an inquiring look.

Hugh uttered some low words in Italian, and at once the old fellow admitted him, leading him up a wide flight of stone steps to a room wherein sat a grave, white-haired, military-looking man, his long white moustache trained like that of the late King Umberto.

The moment he recognised his English visitor he sprang up and wrung his hand warmly.

"Is the Commendatore in?" Hugh inquired eagerly in Italian.

"I believe so," was the man's polite reply, and he took up the telephone-receiver and made inquiry.

A few moments later there entered a shrewd, thin-faced, dark-haired man of middle age, the Commendatore Giuseppe Dalmazio, chief of a certain department of the Italian Secret Service, those dingy offices, believed by all Milan to be occupied by a firm of lawyers, being, in fact, its head-quarters.

The Commendatore expressed the greatest surprise at Hugh's visit, and at once took him off to his own room, where, over a cigarette, the pair sat for a full hour discussing the confidential mission upon which Donovan of Downing Street had embarked.

Hugh produced that crumpled little photograph, and the Commendatore examined it with a strong glass beneath the light. For a long time he gazed upon it; then he rose and left the room, returning with two big albums of photographs beneath his arm.

Afterwards, from a drawer in his table, he took out an alphabetical register, and after some search discovered a reference-number.

This he eagerly turned up in one of the albums, where they found a picture of a young girl—the same young girl as in the crumpled snapshot.

"Ah!" exclaimed Hugh. "Then there can be no doubt. It is Gemma!"

"It is. But what a clever game she is playing," said the other, his eyes narrowing.

Then Hugh made certain explanations and put forward certain theories to the Italian official, who listened very intently, his mobile lips hard compressed.

"Yes, my dear Signor Donovan, and I entirely agree with you," he said at length. "You will find Nenci in Lucerne. If you want him, please do not hesitate to call him in as your assistant; I will send him instructions immediately. You will find his shop close to the Grand Hotel—Arnaldo Nenci—the bookseller."

Then the Commendatore took a sheet of notepaper, and, scribbling a few hasty words to his secret agent in Switzerland, handed it to his visitor.

All next day and throughout the following day the Honourable Hugh, wearing a foreign-made suit of tweeds and a soft hat of peculiar Italian shape, idled about Biffi's, that great rendezvous of the Milanese business man, his keen, searching eyes ever on the alert.

At last, at half-past seven in the evening of the third day, he suddenly stirred to great

—He kept the elderly man and the young girl in sight for nearly two hours, until, leaving them, he . . . returned to his hotel perfectly satisfied. [Page 500, col. 1.]

activity. He had crossed from the Métropole and had gone to that popular restaurant Sa'vini's, also in the great Arcade, exactly opposite Biffi's. He had just finished an exquisite portion of lurks with polenta when, glancing through the window upon the phantasmagoria of life passing to and fro in the Arcade, his eyes detected two persons—the originals of that little crumpled photograph.

In a moment he had flung a ten-lire note to the waiter, and, dashing out, followed them.

He kept the elderly man and the young girl in sight for nearly two hours, until, leaving them, he made one or two inquiries in the Via della Stella, close to the Porta Vittoria, on the outskirts of the city, where they apparently lived, and then he returned to his hotel perfectly satisfied.

For a week he kept a vigilant watch. He noted the people whom the pair visited, who were their friends, and how consultations were sometimes held at a certain very dingy house in the Via Manin, opposite the Public Gardens.

The notes he made he handed to the Commendatore Dalmazio, who smiled in confidence as he read them very carefully and passed them on to the elderly official with the big moustache.

One evening after dinner, six days later, Hugh Donovan was seated in the lounge of the Grand Majestic Hotel, at Lucerne, chatting with a Mrs. Gates, an elderly Englishwoman, one of those prim, rather sharp-tongued persons in black who are so frequently met with in Continental hotels at all seasons.

The lounge was crowded, and, as Donovan sat alone in a corner with the elderly lady, the latter said:

"It is certainly an extremely pathetic situation—poor girl!"

"Yes," agreed the man from Downing Street, a smart figure in his dinner-jacket and neat black tie. "I should think that Fräulein Arendt has had a particularly rough time in Germany. I pity her, poor girl. She looks a very charming little person."

"Delightful—even though she is German," declared Mrs. Gates.

"Somebody told me that she's half English?"

"Yes. Though born in Hamburg, she has lived with an uncle at Hampstead for some years. That accounts for her engagement with Mr. Egerton, I suppose."

"Egerton is a Flight-Commander in our Naval Air Service," Donovan remarked. "I happen to know him," he added casually. "But, as far as I'm concerned, he has kept his engagement quite dark."

"Naturally. He wouldn't wish it known that he, a British officer, is in love with a German girl," the old lady said. "That is the difficulty of Fräulein Christine's position. She can't return to England, while in Germany her parents despise her because she is engaged to a hated Englishman. Hence she has come here, to Switzerland—a strictly neutral country—where her nationality is deemed no disgrace."

"I quite realise that," remarked Donovan thoughtfully, puffing at his Corona, for what Mrs. Gates had told him was extremely illuminating. "Unable to live in Germany, she escaped to this country as a kind of sanctuary," he added.

"Yes. Her father is Commandant at the prison-camp of G——, in Bavaria, and she told me only yesterday that, being so pro-English and engaged to a British officer, she could remain under her father's roof no longer and watch the cruel treatment meted out to our British prisoners of war. She told me some most horrifying details of how our men were being ill-treated and half-starved."

Donovan remained silent, his mouth hardening slightly at the corners, as he slowly knocked the ash from his cigar.

"Poor girl!" sighed Mrs. Gates. "Why, here she comes! Shall I introduce you?"

"I shall be delighted," replied Hugh, and a moment later he had risen and was bowing to a pretty, fair-haired girl of twenty-three or so, a girl with a perfect if somewhat slight figure, well-dressed and essentially *chic*. Her eyes were of a deep blue, and as she smiled while Hugh bent over her hand, her expression was very winning.

Mrs. Gates had spoken in English, introducing him as Mr. Dain, the name by which he was known in the hotel, and Fräulein Arendt had replied in the same tongue, yet with a pronounced accent.

The smart, attractive girl sank into the vacant wicker chair at the little glass-topped table and began to chat merrily, while the Roumanian orchestra struck up the *Valse Septembre* upon stringed instruments, led by a wild-haired, narrow-eyed Tzigane violinist.

The chatter of the trio was of the cosmopolitan world of Lucerne and its erratic doings in war-time, until Mrs. Gates inadvertently referred to a reported success by the Allies, apologising in the same breath.

"Oh, don't mind me at all," laughed the fair-faced Fräulein. "I'm quite as British as I am German, so, therefore, I feel myself entirely neutral. As you know, my dear Mrs. Gates, though my two brothers are with the Twenty-Second Bavarians in Flanders,

I have also a very dear friend who is a British officer."

"Truly a very complex situation," Hugh said. "You have been in England, of course?"

"I lived with my uncle in Hampstead for some time before the war. He was an importer in the City."

Donovan dabbed the end of his cigar into the ash-tray, at the same time drawing a long breath.

The girl seated there in the wicker chair opposite him was a marvel of shrewdness, cleverness, and cunning, and full of a woman's amazing intuition.

For a full hour Donovan, in his inimitable cosmopolitan way, chatted with the girl, smiling within himself to notice that the incident of the silk bag had passed entirely from her memory. With his clever calculation he had guessed that it would be so. A girl leading the fevered life that she did would be hardly likely to recognise a face in the darkness. And, moreover, he had on that occasion, and in view of the present, taken care to disguise his voice.

At last Hugh rose and took leave of the pretty Fräulein Christine Arendt. Yet, from that moment, Mr. George Dain became ever more watchful and vigilant. Truth to tell, he was there in Lucerne, with that one object in view.

Days passed, many delightful days, in which Hugh Donovan often lounged in the hotel chatting with the dainty Fräulein Arendt, sometimes meeting her in the streets and accompanying her to shops, and in many ways dancing attendance upon her.

One thing he did not reveal to her—that Flight-Commander Teddy Egerton, R.N.A.S., was his friend.

He listened to her story with sympathetic ears, often smiling within himself at the interesting discovery he had made, and the deep cunning of the blue-eyed Fräulein, who posed as such an interesting figure among the English colony in Lucerne.

More than once he wrote long reports to the Commendatore in Milan, and several times he visited the big bookseller's shop kept by the dark-eyed little man, Arnaldo Nenci.

One night Hugh, the first gong having gone, stood in his room, his silver cigarette-case in his hand, examining a perfectly innocent-looking cigarette—the one in which the tiny yellow glass tube was concealed.

"A queer game, but a devilish one," he laughed to himself as he held it in his fingers and examined it critically beneath the electric light. "By Jove! There is no moss growing upon 'Number 70, Berlin'! Strange that all this wonderful maze of secret-service work is the product of the brain of my old friend, Karl Klein, whose brother, even to-day, poses as the uncle of the natty little Fräulein. Gad! In these days of war the world seems turned topsy-turvy."

For a full five minutes he examined the cigarette, twisting it between his finger and thumb. Then he carefully replaced it beneath the clip in the silver case, and, closing it with a click, descended to the big *salle-à manger*, where, at a small table in the window overlooking the Lake, Mrs. Gates, Fräulein, and he took their meals together.

On his way downstairs he passed Fräulein's dark-eyed Swiss maid, who drew back with a smile of acknowledgment. And as Hugh nodded and passed on a slight curl showed upon his lip, for he knew that Elise, though a model and discreet maid, had eyes and ears for everything, and always kept her young mistress well-informed.

Fräulein possessed a very wide circle of friends, for her unfortunate love affair, which had spread from mouth to mouth, rendered her the more interesting in the neutral sanctuary she had sought. Many of the cosmopolitan residents in Lucerne had taken her up, and she visited a good deal at the pleasant villas in the vicinity.

Unseen by her, Hugh would often watch her movements and carefully note to which houses she went, and who else went there. One mysterious person whom she often called upon lived in a large and expensive flat close to the central railway station. Nearly every day she went there, for, as a matter of fact, her alleged uncle, Heinrich Klein, was concealed there in secret.

The man whom Hugh had seen at Hampstead on that memorable night seldom, if ever, went out, and then only after dark. Yet whenever he came forth his footsteps were dogged either by the unsuspected Italian bookseller, Arnaldo Nenci, or by Hugh himself.

The latter was now very carefully laying his plans for the final *coup*.

Klein, who had assumed the name of Bernstein, lived on the second floor, and Hugh, after careful inquiry, discovered that he resided there alone, the housework being done by an old woman who went home regularly at nine o'clock each evening. Late one night, therefore, when Klein had gone for a stroll, with Nenci of course watching, Hugh ascended the stairs, examined the key-hole of the door by the aid of his electric torch, and then pushed into it a tiny piece of steel bent to the shape of an "s," which dropped into the wards of the lock.

On the man's return he was, of course, unable to open the door with his latch-key, and, in consequence, it had, later on, to be forced by a locksmith. The identity of the latter Hugh noted, and when next day another lock was being placed upon the door, Hugh, aided again by Nenci, contrived by a clever ruse to get the locksmith to go downstairs for a moment.

In that brief second Hugh took swiftly from his vest pocket a small tin match-box filled with soft wax, and into it pressed one of the three keys attached to the new lock which was lying near the door ready for fixing.

Upon the wax the key left an exact impression.

That same night Hugh Donovan stood in his bedroom holding in his hand a duplicate key of the flat occupied by Fräulein's mysterious uncle. And he smiled in triumph as he gazed upon it.

As usual, he dined at the little table with Fräulein and Mrs. Gates, after which the young German girl made an excuse that she had a headache and ascended to her room.

Presently Hugh, after a cigarette in the lounge, sauntered forth, put on his hat and coat, and strolled round to a deep doorway, where, concealed in the shadow, he had a full view of the house wherein lived the supposed uncle.

After a dreary half-hour he had the satisfaction of seeing two persons, a man and a woman, enter there. The woman's form he recognised as that of Fräulein.

They remained within nearly an hour, whereupon they suddenly emerged with a second man, whom Hugh saw was Klein.

The door was open, and there was no *concierge*, therefore Hugh, transferring his revolver from hip-pocket to that of his overcoat in readiness for any emergency, crossed the road nimbly, ascended the stairs, and boldly let himself in with the duplicate latchkey.

Once within the long hall he switched on the electric light, revealing the fact that it was a big, well-furnished flat. Room after room he peered into until he came to one which smelt strongly of tobacco, the walls of which were lined with books, while a big mahogany writing-table stood in the window.

It was littered with papers, which Hugh began eagerly to examine.

In a few moments he saw that they were reports of British military movements in Flanders—reports gathered day by day by the interesting Fräulein Arendt from all kinds of sources—reports which showed her to be something quite different to the pathetic little person whom everyone in Lucerne pitied.

In that cosmopolitan and neutral circle it was plain that she was playing a double game, and that the room in which he stood was the central bureau of German espionage in Switzerland.

One packet he took up was secured by an elastic band, and contained about thirty forged Swiss passports, blank, and in readiness to hand to Germans so that they might cross into France or go to England as Swiss subjects and spy for the Fatherland. Hugh selected three of them, muttering to himself:

"By Jove! These may be very useful to me one day. One never knows," and he smiled grimly. Then, standing motionless for a moment gazing upon the littered table, he added: "So I was not mistaken after all! This certainly is a very clever game that Gemma Ghelardi is playing—to pass herself off as Christine Arendt, a German engaged to a British officer. The in-love wheeze always works, of course, if sentimentally carried out."

Hugh did not hurry. If detected his revolver would give good account of itself.

So he examined methodically a number of papers that were lying upon the blotting-pad when, to his surprise, he gradually gathered up the threads of an ingenious and most desperate conspiracy by which to create disorganisation upon a certain section of the British front. Suffice it to say that it had been conceived with all the devilish ingenuity of the unscrupulous Hun, and, according to the secret reports, was about to be carried into immediate effect.

"H'm!" muttered Hugh to himself. "This must be stopped! If their plan is put into execution it must mean a loss of very many valuable lives. Gad! The pair of fiends!" he added, grinding his teeth as he held in his hand a letter in cipher beneath which the decipher had been pencilled in Klein's hand.

"It only awaits the fellow's reply—his authority to put the whole machinery of the plot in motion! He's just received it, and has not yet replied. He will reply to-night—without a doubt."

Next second his quick ears caught a sound. Klein had returned, and accompanying him was a man. The pair were speaking together in guttural German.

"Of course," Klein was saying confidentially. "It is all arranged—all will go without a hitch. Christine will take my order to Milan by the first train in the morning, and then we shall see."

Hugh, caught like a rat in a trap, instantly switched off the light in the room and waited.

At that moment he could hear his own heart beat.

The heavy footsteps passed on. The two men went into the *salle-à-manger* for a *petit-verre*, while, for a second, Hugh hesitated.

At all hazards he saw that he must take a drastic step if the vile, dastardly plot against our arms was to be thwarted.

The tension was intense. He drew a long breath. Suddenly he made up his mind, and taking his torch from his pocket, switched it on, and placed it upon the writing-table.

From his cigarette-case he took that special cigarette he had made, and, breaking it open, drew out the tiny yellow tube. From his pocket he took his indiarubber gloves, and, drawing them on, broke the end of the thin glass tube, extracted the tiny piece of saturated cotton-wool, and with it thoroughly rubbed the German's fountain-pen, which he replaced in the tray where he had found it. Afterwards with great care he put the fragments of glass, the tobacco and paper, with the tiny wad of wool into the silver case and closed it, also switching off the torch.

Treading on tiptoe, he then crept into a room on the other side of the corridor, unable to escape from the place because Klein on entering had bolted and chained the door, his companion evidently intending to remain the night.

After drinking, the pair presently went to the small library, where he could hear them chatting in German, now and then laughing exultantly at the cleverness of their plot.

A silence fell. Klein had evidently taken up the fountain-pen and was writing.

Suddenly a loud, long-drawn scream of agony rang through the place, and Klein's voice was heard to shout:

"Oh! oh! what pain! I—I've surely got a stroke! I believe I'm dying—poisoned! Fetch a doctor, quick! I've never felt like this before. I can't breathe." And there was a sound of hard respiration, followed by a loud gurgling as though he were struggling for breath.

Heinrich Klein was fighting with death!

His companion unbolted the door and rushed wildly out to fetch assistance, while Hugh followed him silently.

A quarter-of-an-hour later the doctor who had been called and was kneeling by Klein's side declared that he must have had a heart attack that had proved fatal.

That same night there was a highly dramatic scene in the Grand Majestic Hotel.

The fair-headed Fräulein Arendt, laughing merrily, entered Hugh's sitting-room, he having sent her an urgent message by the floor waiter.

Hugh closed the door. Then, turning to her, he said in English, looking at her very determinedly:

"I've called you here, Gemma Ghelardi, to tell you that your clever game is up! Your interesting Uncle Klein has had a fatal stroke to-night, and the whole plot is known to me. I therefore advise you to return to Germany by the early morning train, because if you are still upon Swiss soil at midday to-morrow I shall inform the police. Your engagement to a British naval officer is a very delightful fiction, but unfortunately Teddy Egerton is my old friend—and he doesn't know you from Eve herself. And a very good thing for him—eh?"

The girl's face changed. Her countenance faded from scarlet to grey. It became ashen.

"Then you know me?" she asked.

"Yes, Fräulein, I happen to know you rather well. I will permit you to attend your uncle's funeral, if you so desire. But if I were in your place I would return to Germany by the 8.45 express to-morrow morning. This place is scarcely healthy for you now."

The girl cast one fierce look of evil at the man who had so cleverly upset her country's plans, and then replied:

"Very well. I quite understand," and turned to leave.

"Yes," he said. "And please also understand that, if you were not a woman, I would not permit you to return across the frontier. You were the catspaw and decoy of Klein, and as such I show you clemency, and spare your life."

Tears welled in the girl's great blue eyes, as with a hoarse word of thanks she staggered from the room.

*(Next month "Donovan of Downing Street" emerges triumphant from another hazardous mission.)*

# The Awful Adventure of Fergus Macfarlane

By W. A. Williamson.

*"This Gentleman Combines Politeness with Timidity."*

Doubtless you will remember the old copy-book jingle about the nail that caused the loss of the horse-shoe, that caused the loss of the rider, that caused the loss of the battle. History does not record what became of that nail, but Fergus Macfarlane could tell you. It has been melted down by some person or persons unknown, and remodelled into a brass-headed tack. You will find the tack—third from the end as you enter the door—in the ornamental mantelboard of Fergus Macfarlane's awful sitting-room.

Fergus Macfarlane is not nearly so Scotch as his name. He is the most inoffensive little man in his neighbourhood—he lives at Slushville—small, thin, and uncomfortably tidy in his habits.

Mrs. Macfarlane is the Real Thing—big, bony, and the absolute master of her miserable husband. The mantelboard was Mrs. Macfarlane's idea, of course. Fergus has no say in the interior government of his little home. But Mrs. Macfarlane thought that the sitting-room, already the most awful thing in their town, could be made the last word by judicious draping of the mantelpiece. Her scheme was to cover the shelf with coloured cloth hanging in folds six inches deep at the front. This cloth was to be kept in place by means of brass-headed tacks—of the kind known as chair nails—neatly hammered into the front edge of the mantelboard.

Having come to this decision, Mrs. Macfarlane unearthed a brass tack of the requisite type from the recesses of her odds-and-ends box and handed it to her husband, saying:

"Just ye run for twa dozen of the like. But, mind ye, they must be no more than a penny for all."

Reluctantly Fergus drew off his red felt slippers and lifted his boots out of the fender with a sigh. It was nearly seven o'clock, and he had hoped to settle down for a comfortable evening by the fireside. But if Mrs. Macfarlane wanted those tacks——

"Mind ye, no more than a penny the lot," were Mrs. Macfarlane's last words as the door closed gently after her husband. Then the good wife hurried to the window to watch her man pass down the street.

The first ironmonger quoted Fergus twopence for two dozen of the brass-headed tacks as per sample. He had a smaller size at three-halfpence. Needless to say, Fergus was no buyer. He also turned down the second shopman, who was prepared to quote one halfpenny a dozen if Fergus Macfarlane took a gross. *A gross!* Perspiration was streaming down the little Scotsman's face as his legs carried him unsteadily from the tempter's lair.

Another man had nothing under twopence-halfpenny per two dozen; a fourth only sold sixpenny packets. Fergus Macfarlane was in the last stages of desperation when he suddenly thought of Dexter's.

Dexter was a marine-store dealer, whose business premises in a little alley seemed to be stored with anything and everything a householder could possibly require. And Dexter's prices were gloriously cheap. Many a time had he saved Fergus from the wrath of Mrs. Macfarlane by supplying the little man with goods below the market rate.

Dexter, who was an elderly man of about sixty, managed his own business without any outside assistance. Fergus knew him in a personal way, and on more than one occasion had dropped in for a surreptitious chat in Dexter's back room. But this evening, when Fergus entered the little shop, he was surprised to see a stranger behind the counter, a big, thick-set man of unpleasant aspect, who scowled ferociously at the would-be customer.

"Mr. Dexter is out," growled the man behind the counter when Fergus had asked timidly for his friend. "What do you want?"

"I want two dozen brass-headed tacks to match this." Fergus was fumbling in his waistcoat pocket. "They must not be more than a——"

"Mr. Macfarlane! Mr. Macfarlane!" piped a shrill voice from the room at the rear of the shop. "Come here at once! I am—oh!"

Fergus looked up in quick astonishment as he recognised Dexter's voice raised in tones of unmistakable pleading. Evidently the big man had made a mistake; Mr. Dexter was not out after all. Fergus commenced to cross the shop in the direction of the inner room, but his progress was promptly barred by the thick-set stranger.

"Where are you going, hey?" queried that individual, dropping a heavy hand on Macfarlane's quaking shoulder.

"Er—I thought I heard Mr. Dexter call for me," said Fergus gazing with terrified eyes into the other's threatening face.

"You heard WHAT?" thundered the big man in an awful voice. His grip on Macfarlane's shoulder tightened suddenly.

"I-I-I heard absolutely n-n-nothing," stammered Fergus, so terrified that his legs would no longer have supported him had he not been upheld by the hand on his shoulder.

"Mr. Macfarlane! Oh! Mr. Macfarlane! Help!" Dexter's voice—now very muffled—sounded again from the inner room.

"Er—er—er, I really must be going," said Fergus, shuddering before the burning eyes of the man who held his shoulder. "G-g-good-night."

"No hurry," said the man. "Come inside and see Mr. Dexter."

"No! No!" shrieked Fergus. "I'd much rather not. Really, I'd much rather not. Man, I tell ye I dinna hear Mr. Dexter calling! I dinna hear him at all!"

He was still shouting out his mendacious protests when the thick-set man picked him up bodily, as a mother might pick up a child, and carried him into the adjoining room. Fergus was a game kicker, but he stood no possible chance of escaping from the other's bear-like hug.

**Fergus commenced to cross the shop . . . but his progress was promptly barred by the thick-set stranger. "Where are you going, hey?" queried that individual, dropping a heavy hand on Macfarlane's quaking shoulder.**

"I'll fetch the police! I'll fetch the police!" gurgled Fergus as his captor planked him down in a chair, and held him in position with one huge hand. "This is an outrage, an outr-r-rage! I'll fetch the police, I say!"

"Oh, no you won't, my blossom!" said the man, shifting his hand to the Scot's throat. "Look what I've got, Joe."

There was another man in the room, a great, burly brute of a fellow, who was kneeling over a trussed up bundle. Dexter was nowhere to be seen.

"Where did you find it, Alf?" asked the man named Joe.

"It came in to buy tacks or something, and I heard old Dexter holler—you oughter have been more careful, Alf. Suppose a real man had heard him! Then I wanted to run to the police-station——"

"Excuse my interruption," said Fergus mildly. "I wanted no such thing. I was very anxious to get home to my wife. Mrs. Macfarlane will——"

"Stow it!" interjected Joe threateningly. "So you've got a wife, have yer?"

"Assuredly so," said Fergus. "She. is——"

"And you love her, and you want to see her again some time?"

"Why—I—I——"

"Then you'll keep your tongue from wagging, and you'll shut your eyes to what you see here. Savvy?"

"I comprehend, certainly. Your business is of a private nature, and you have no wish to be overlooked. If you will allow me to depart——"

Alf cut off the remainder of Fergus Macfarlane's sentence by the simple expedient of squeezing his windpipe until he choked.

"Now what about that there safe, Joe?"

"Just going to start on it," said the other. "I had to fix the old man first. He had lots of go in him for an old 'un."

Whilst Joe shuffled across the room to a safe built in the wall, Fergus regarded the trussed-up bundle on the floor with eyes of wild horror.

"Is—is that Mr. Dexter?" he whispered when he could find his voice.

"Guessed it in one," said Alf.

"Then—you—have——" Fergus dared not finish the question.

"No we ain't," said Alf gruffly. "We've only tied him up so that he'll be out of the way while we get our little job done."

With wide-open, staring eyes, Fergus watched Joe making his business-like attack on the safe. The cracksman had commenced by drilling a series of holes, arranged in a circle, through the door. Evidently the job presented no difficulties to him.

Fergus felt very sorry for old Dexter; but sorrier for himself. There was a clock on the mantelpiece of the room, and whilst Fergus waited and watched it chimed the half-hour after eight. Whatever would Mrs. Macfarlane think? How could he explain his absence?

When he got home—and how long he might be delayed goodness alone knew—she would certainly have hysterics on learning of his harrowing adventures. Only once had Mrs. Macfarlane gone into hysterics before the eyes of her husband. Rather than it should happen again, Fergus was prepared to lie to her.

"That'll do for that," said Joe when the safe was cleaned out. "Gosh! it's been as easy as pie, well worth all our planning and waiting. I reckon none of this silverware lying round is worth taking away. Now what about the weasel?"

He looked at Fergus, and Fergus shuddered.

"You hear?" said Alf to the trembling Scotsman. "What's to be done with you?"

"I should like," said Fergus very humbly, "to be allowed to return to my home. Mrs. Macfarlane is doubtless in a state of very great apprehension respecting my——"

"Oh, give it a rest!" said Joe. "Here, I'll tell you what. You come along with us until we give you word to clear. It wouldn't suit us to turn you loose now, and you little beggars are devilish difficult to tie up. Only mind, if you open your mouth whilst we're on the road, it'll be sudden death."

"Do you reckon it's safe?" protested Alf.

"Safe!" echoed Joe contemptuously. "Safe—with that rabbit! Why, I wouldn't mind taking him into the police-station to ask the time!"

"I will be silent as the grave," said Fergus. "Only I wish you could see your way to allow me to depart now. Mrs. Macfarlane——"

They silenced him with curses, after which Joe took a firm grip on his arm and led him out of the shop. Alf followed, carrying the bag of plunder.

Fergus shivered incessantly as they made their way by devious by-streets through the dim twilight. Once they passed a policeman, and Fergus felt the grip on his arm tighten until he could have shrieked with agony. But he bit his lip manfully and was silent.

It was the sound of a church clock striking nine that first put into Fergus Macfarlane's head the possibilities of escape. His case was now so desperate that he felt inclined to risk anything in order to reach his home.

With wide-open, staring eyes, Fergus watched Joe making his business-like attack on the safe.

Mentally he calculated the length of time required to choke a man—a very little man—to death. This calculation assured him that it would be futile to make any appeal for help to chance passers-by.

Joe was holding Fergus by the right arm, and, having nothing better to do, the little man fumbled in his left-hand coat pocket with his free hand. As he fumbled, something sharp pricked his thumb.

It was the brass-headed tack. Fergus had taken it from his waistcoat pocket and dropped it into the pocket of his coat whilst in Dexter's shop. For some strange reason, the feel of that little tack gave Fergus new and unexpected courage—perhaps because it was the last link serving to remind him of Mrs. Macfarlane.

Then came the two policemen. Fergus sighted them from afar, and his heart leapt joyously. They were walking towards him on the same side of the road. As they drew near, Fergus felt Joe's strong fingers bruising his slender arm. But the Scot actually smiled through his pain.

Now the policemen were within a few feet of the trio. Stealthily, Fergus withdrew his left hand from his coat pocket. The time for action had come.

Fergus Macfarlane's free hand stole behind his back across to where his right arm was locked in Joe's merciless grip. The brass-headed tack lay between Fergus' thumb and forefinger.

They were face to face with the policemen. Joe drew Fergus to one side to allow them to pass. At the same instant Fergus lunged at the fleshy part of Joe's arm with an armoured forefinger and thumb.

"Wow!" yelled Joe, so loudly and unexpectedly that both policemen stopped to stare curiously at him. As they stared, Fergus Macfarlane, finding that the grip on his arm had relaxed, promptly skipped out into the roadway.

"Arrest them! Arrest them!" he shrilled. "They are two thieves! They have robbed Dexter, the marine-store dealer! Their plunder is in that bag!"

Only once did Fergus turn. That was at the end of the road. He saw a sight that gladdened his fluttering heart; one of the policemen was struggling with Alf; the other had Joe on the ground and was

hammering the resistance out of him. No one seemed to be worrying about Fergus; his ways were unimpeded. The little Scot turned homewards with a sob of relief. His fingers still retained their hold on the brass-headed tack. This he placed carefully in his waistcoat pocket.

As he walked swiftly through the dusk, Fergus tugged furtively at his limp collar and rearranged his disordered tie. He felt horribly dirty and untidy. Also there was that awful problem:

*What could he say to Mrs. Macfarlane?*

By the time he had reached his front door the story was all cut and dried. It told how Fergus had called at an ironmonger's, to find the owner of the shop in a fit. Running for the doctor and obtaining relief for the unfortunate man had taken up all the evening.

Quietly, Fergus unlocked the door and entered the house. Stooping on the mat, he unlaced his boots with swift fingers and walked in his stockinged feet towards the sitting-room door. With his hand on the door-knob he repeated softly to himself several times:

"The man fell in a fit!"

Then he entered the room.

No Mrs. Macfarlane rose wrathfully to greet him, for the room was empty. Fergus breathed a sigh of deep relief; evidently his wife had gone to bed. Then, as he sank into an easy-chair and reached for his slippers, Fergus caught sight of the table in the centre of the room. On it was a glass of milk and a plate of biscuits, his supper. And leaning up against the glass was a folded sheet of notepaper. He recognised his wife's handwriting.

His fingers trembled as he picked up the note, and this is what he read:

"7.30 p.m.

"DEARIE,

"Mrs. Coombs is unwell, and I am going to sit beside her. I could not wait for your return, as she needed me sorely. Do not sit up for me; I have put your supper ready.

"YOUR LOVING WIFE."

Of such luck as this men sometimes dream, but how rarely does it descend upon us! Fergus Macfarlane read his wife's letter once, twice, even three times. He was dazed; the relief had been so sudden and unhoped for.

"Oh, lor'! Oh, lor'!" he gasped brokenly.

Then he collapsed into a chair, crying softly.

It was eleven o'clock before Fergus heard his wife's key in the lock of the front door. She came straight to the bedroom, and, bending over the bed in the darkness, kissed her husband's forehead. By this Fergus knew that she was very pleased indeed about something.

"Ye'll have been sair worried about me," she said, as she lit the gas and untied her bonnet-strings. "But I could not well leave Mrs. Coombs before. It's a real bonnie lassie she's brought into the world. What did ye pay for the tacks?"

Her husband popped an apologetic head from under the clothes.

"I tried everywhere, my dear, but was unable to get just what you wanted. Most unfortunate."

Mrs. Macfarlane fairly cackled with a sudden burst of happy laughter. Fergus could hardly believe his ears.

"Eh, Fairgus," she said in delighted tones. "It's just the hand o' proveedence. When I was with Mrs. Coombs I was minded to ask after the tacks, and Mr. Coombs had the vary thing I wanted in his tool-box. He's given me a double handful. And all the way home I've been sair worried that ye had wasted time and money buying mair. We'll put the mantel to rights in no time to-morrow evening."

"Yes, my dear," said Fergus Macfarlane meekly.

And so it fell that on the following evening, whilst Mrs. Macfarlane read aloud from the *Slushville Recorder* of the capture of two daring housebreakers who had plundered a marine store, Fergus Macfarlane drove brass-headed tacks into the sitting-room mantelboard.

Driving tacks is not everyone's idea of romantic employment, but Fergus Macfarlane thought otherwise. For the third tack he hammered into the mantelboard—three is a lucky number—was the self-same tack that had accompanied him on his adventurous travels the night before—the tack that is the offspring of the nail that lost the horse-shoe, the tack that has adventure and romance centred in every grain of its composition.

# For "Soldiers and Sailors Too"

**All the contributions on this page were sent in by officers and men serving in H.M. Forces. A pack of ROYAL playing-cards or a silver pencil-case is given for every accepted storyette, joke, bit of verse, or drawing sent in by a sailor or soldier. Please say which gift you prefer, and address envelopes to The O.C., ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.**

### THE TURK WON.

Things had got a bit tame in Gallipoli, when a discussion arose as to whether a Turk or a goat was the most offensive in smell. A bet was made and the Colonel promised to act as umpire. A goat was brought into the tent and the Colonel fainted. A Turk was then brought in and—the goat fainted.

### SILENCED!

There was once a midshipman in the engine-room of a ship who, becoming bored, spent his time making rude remarks through the voice-pipe to the midshipman on deck.

The deck midshipman lost his temper at last, and repairing to the chart-house, took a bowl of very hot cocoa and poured it down the voice-pipe.

The result was silence.

### PADDY SCORES AGAIN.

An Irish sentry was on guard near the powder magazine when the Orderly Officer approached his post smoking a cigar. Paddy, remembering his orders, halted the officer and told him to put out his cigar.

Complimenting Paddy on his smartness, he threw it away and went on his way.

When out of sight, Paddy picked up the cigar and started to smoke himself. The officer, returning, found to his surprise that Paddy was smoking, and asked him for an explanation.

"Sure, sir," exclaimed Paddy, "I'm smoking this as evidence against you till the Sergeant of the Guard comes round."

COMPULSORY RETREAT.
*IRATE SERGEANT: "Why the dickens don't you look where you're goin'?"*

### NEXT OF KIN.

During a kit inspection of a certain squadron stationed in Aldershot (in peace time), the following incident occurred.

The O.C. arrived at the bed-side of a man on whose bed was placed all kit for inspection, including his small book, in which should be all particulars, such as date of birth, next of kin, etc. The O.C. looked at the kit, picked up the book, then looked at the soldier.

"Where is your next of kin?" he asked.

"My what, sir?"

"Your next of kin," replied the O.C.

"I've not been is ued with one, sir," was the puzzled reply.

### DOING HIS BIT.

It was at a big battle on the Western Front during the present struggle. A certain officer approached Jock and said: "Now, Jock, it is man to man."

When the attack came, Jock, with his rifle, soon accounted for one German; then he sat down with his rifle across his knees. The officer, seeing Jock, approached him again and said: "I thought I told you it was man to man?"

"So you did," said Jock, "and I have kilkd my man."

"Yes," said the officer, "but when you have killed one man you have to go on killing more."

"By Jove!" said Jock, "why did you not tell me half-an-hour ago? I would have killed the blooming German Army by now."

# THE BUMBOAT GIRL

By Jessie Pope.

*"A bumboat woman was I, and I faithfully served the ships*
*With apples and cakes, and fowls, and beer, and halfpenny dips."*

"I'm as keen on serving my country as the rest of you," Letty Lorrimer would remark in a tone of mingled bitterness and remorse, "and when I come across a patriotic job that suits me you'll find I'll stick to it like a limpet."

Letty had tried munitions until the indoor life proved too stifling for her outdoor habits. For three hard-working, footsore weeks she had submitted to the discipline of a V.A.D. hospital until one day she told the matron what she thought of her, and departed. Canteen work also had been taken up and dropped after ten days at the washing-up pan, and half-ashamed, half-defiant, Letty found herself at a loose end among her more adaptable contemporaries, passing many idle, dissatisfied hours in her motor-boat, *The Limit*, with a heart as restless as the sea lapping the pebbly beach of Skibport, her native town.

Then one day half-a-dozen mine-sweepers anchored in the roads for a spell of rest from their long hours of watch and ward, and when they steamed away others took their place, until the little seaport became an established base for the small flotilla. In spite of the war there were still a few members of the local sailing club left, who organised a modern bumboat service consisting of two motor-boats which took out newspapers and cigarettes, eggs, butter, and other longshore luxuries to the crews of the mine-sweepers, who seldom came ashore. But one of the motor-boat owners joined up, while the engine of the other craft proved too unreliable for constant service, and it was then that Letty saw and seized her opportunity, and placed *The Limit* at the disposal of the Committee on the understanding that she skippered it herself.

The Committee agreed to her proposal with indulgent amusement, privately giving her a fortnight to tire of the job, while her family gave her a week. But Letty had found her work at last, and surprised everybody by sticking to it, and as the time passed the official bumboat girl came to be looked upon as rather a heroine in Skibport, a fact which lent an added spice to her patriotism.

Certainly in the early days of her service the more sardonic among her circle nicknamed her the "bumpboat girl," for, skilled as she was in handling *The Limit*, she found it was no easy matter to come alongside the mine-sweepers in a choppy sea without a certain amount of damage to the paint. "But," as she wrote to her brother Basil, who was serving somewhere in the North Sea, "I really don't believe I bump her more than you would, old chap, and I'm getting the hang of it better every day. Besides in war-time we mustn't cry over scratched paint, and I love my job and feel frightfully bucked to think I'm doing my bit at last."

There was no doubt about her being bucked, and Letty never groused at the work or the weather. And it was a job that took some doing. There were stores to collect and check each morning at the Committee rooms, accounts to be kept, not always an easy matter, for, though everything was sold under cost price, there were market fluctuations; then there was the boat to be kept shipshape and the engine tuned up, while every morning before breakfast she gathered a sack of apples from the orchard, her daily free gift to the crews.

One day, in late September, the bumboat girl cast off from the jetty, started the engine,

and sped steadily across the little bay to a solitary mine-sweeper, left behind for repairs, rolling gently at anchor outside the bar. It was a bright, breezy morning of changing skies, which meant a brilliant ocean of emerald green and sapphire blues, white foam scudding up over the bows of *The Limit*, and a stiff salt breeze catching at the bumboat girl's brown hair and sending little ringlets whipping into her frank blue eyes from under her sou'-wester. The crew of the mine-sweeper, a rough, tough lot of blue-jerseyed fishermen, clustered at the gunwale and watched her approach with satisfaction, for they were all ready with hearty greetings for the bumboat girl whose visit was the one bright spot in their dull day. Letty knew most of them by name, and as she brought up smartly alongside—not a scratch on the paint this morning—she called cheerily, "Morning, Skipper! Morning, Joe! Morning, Saunders! Where's Wickes? I've got his corn-plasters, and there are enough eggs to go round twice, at 10d. a dozen!"

The bumboat girl had a smile and a merry word for each as they clustered round and made their purchases. Even the man at work on the repairs in the engine-room came on deck, though he stood in the bows and watched from afar, as was his daily habit. His figure was boyish and slenderly built, and though his rough clothes and his face and hands were streaked with the grime of his job, his crisp thatch of curly hair shone like gold in the sunshine. On other mornings Letty had noticed him watching her, and wondered why he never joined the crowd, and to-day she put the question.

"Who's that man over there?" she said, as she handed out the apples, the *bonne bouche* of her cargo. "Doesn't he want anything?"

"That's the chap, missie, what thinks 'e's putting the engine right. Reckon 'e feels too much of a sweep for ladies' company."

"'Tain't that, missie," interposed Wicks, "'e's sick or sulky; ain't got a word for nobody."

"Well," said Letty, casting off the rope, "if the mountain won't come to Mahomet——" and holding by the gunwale she pushed *The Limit* along towards the bows, leaving the crew occupied with their purchases.

"Wickes says you won't patronise the bumboat girl," she said to the solitary sailor, "because you're sick or sulky, but I believe it's only because you are sad or shy. Have a packet of woodbines to cheer you up."

He glanced down at her and smiled. His face was very dirty but decidedly good-looking, and his eyes were clear and grey, and his teeth very white.

"I'm neither sad nor shy," he said, and he spoke rather like an American, she thought, "but I don't smoke much."

"That's a pity," she said, smiling back, "but you do eat apples. Here's a beauty! It will go down all right after muddling about at a sick engine. I've done a bit of that myself."

She held up a rosy Worcester Pearmain, but he did not take it.

"I think it's real good of you to take this job on in all weathers," he said. "The boys ought to be very grateful."

"They are," she replied in her downright way, "and they show their gratitude by eating my apples. They are out of the orchard at home and don't cost anything."

"In that case," he said, "I'll have two—not because they don't cost anything, but to show I'm grateful as well."

He smiled again and Letty smiled, too, and then as her blue eyes met his grey ones her heart gave a thump and the colour rose to her tanned cheeks. She stooped down and picked out another apple to match the first.

"You are not an ordinary sailor like the rest. Where do you come from?" she said. "Ireland or America?"

"Both," he replied.

Letty laughed.

"A good mixture," she said. "Do you like mine-sweeping?"

"Sometimes I do," he said, "and sometimes I'm fed up with it."

The bumboat girl looked sympathetic.

"I know," she said. "I felt just the same before I found a job to my liking. I tried so many things and dropped them that the other girls jeered at me."

"Do they jeer now?" asked the grey-eyed man.

"No—they're jealous," she replied; "that's partly why I stick to it so well."

He chuckled and she laughed, and they felt they had known each other all their lives.

"It's a very wonderful thing," said Letty to *The Limit* as she steered her back to the jetty, "but that grey-eyed man has got just the face I've been looking for all my life—though it *would* do with a bit of a wash."

What was more she couldn't get that face out of her mind all day and refreshed her memory the next morning and the next, finishing her bumboat business with a chat in the bow, and felt unreasonably glad to learn that the trawler's engine would not be in repair for another couple of days at least.

On the third morning, after she had done her work and made *The Limit* all snug, a

telegram from her brother Basil announcing his return on leave that night wrenched her thoughts into a new channel and filled her with a new glow of happiness, for Basil and Letty had been inseparable from childhood, and hardly had a thought apart. Basil's mild flirtations, which were many, had never worried her; she knew they could not change her place in his heart. Her only cause of jealousy lay in his friendship for a man he had met in London, one Randy Fergusson, whose praises he was never tired of singing till his sister grew sore and sulky, though she wouldn't say why.

This Randy was an inventive genius, and as Basil fancied himself not a little in that line, a bond was formed between the two which the girl resented and could not share. And though the interloper never came to Skibport, Basil would always be running up to town, for between them they were evolving a great invention that would revolutionise submarine warfare. Then the war came and brought Basil his billet in the North Sea and drove every thought out of his sister's heart but love for him and anxiety for his safety.

And now he was coming home that very night, and while the rest of the household were busy killing and cooking the fatted calf, Letty, in a flurry of delirious excitement, rushed round to her friends to announce the glad tidings and mature the scheme they had all planned together for the sailor's welcome. This was nothing more or less than a surprise party of a baker's dozen of picked frolicsome spirits, who were to break in on the popular hero when he had eaten his dinner, all as unrecognisable as fancy dress could make them, and finish up the evening with a jolly little hop such as their circle loved.

It was while Letty was stepping smartly along the cliff-path home, having made her final arrangements, that a curious patch of blue and white in the bushes below caught her attention, and, approaching nearer, the objects resolved themselves into a man's arm and a sketch-block.

"Hullo! Sketching so near the forts! That won't do," she said to herself, and, patriotism uppermost, she climbed carefully down the cliff, her curiosity thoroughly aroused. As she did so, she heard a man's voice singing softly:

> "Blau ist das Blümelein
> Das heisst Vergiss, nicht mein.
> Das Blumlein leg ans Herz
> Und denk an mich."

"Gracious!" thought the girl, "that's German," and, disconcerted by her startling discovery, would have stopped to think a bit, if the branch she was holding had not given way and precipitated her headlong towards the singer.

Disturbed by the shower of falling sand and stones, he looked up, and Letty, falling and clutching in vain to save herself, saw it was the grey-eyed man of the mine-sweeper, and the next moment she was in his arms.

"Have you hurt yourself?" he said anxiously, holding her firmly while she found her feet and her breath and pulled herself together after her shaking.

"Not a bit," replied Letty, laughing a little and blushing a good deal, as she stood up on the grassy platform beside him. "Sorry I disturbed you, but I thought you were a spy sketching the fort, and I was coming to investigate when the bush let me down. I didn't know you were an artist. May I see?"

He closed the sketch-book with a whimsical smile. "Service secrets," he said. "You shall see it when it's finished."

"But you were singing in German, weren't you?" she persisted.

"Very likely. I went to school in Germany."

"Well, I shouldn't brag about it," said Letty.

"I don't," he replied; "but you *have* hurt yourself. Your wrist is bleeding."

"Oh, it must have been a bit of flint," she said indifferently, turning back her muslin sleeve. "It's nothing much."

"It will spoil your blouse if you don't bind it up. Sit down a minute and let me do it."

Letty obeyed while he made a bandage of her handkerchief and tied up the small puncture.

The touch of those slender, skilful fingers made her pulses throb absurdly without any instructions from their owner. The fact annoyed her, but she couldn't help it, and in self-defence she tried to chaff him.

"I didn't know you at first," she said, "your face was so clean."

"Well, I've finished my job," he said, smiling, "and I've got a few hours on shore. We're off to-morrow."

"Oh!" said Letty, rather blankly. "I—suppose you're glad?"

"No, I'm not," he replied; "but I couldn't spin it out any longer."

He laughed, but Letty sat silent, thinking.

"How long have you got on shore?" she said.

"Till ten o'clock," he replied.

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, have a look round, I suppose, when I've finished my sketch."

"Gracious!" thought the girl, "that's German," and, disconcerted by her startling discovery, would have stopped to think a bit, if the branch she was holding had not given way and precipitated her headlong towards the singer.

"Look here," said Letty suddenly, "my brother is coming home on leave to-night, and we've got a surprise party to stir him up, and a little dance. We want all the Services represented. Will you come?"

His face brightened, then fell.

"I'd love to," he said, "but this is the only kit I've got."

"But that's just the thing," she replied. "We're all going to be in fancy dress, and you'll be ripping as you are; only you ought to have a stubby beard to look the part properly."

"What time does it begin?" he asked.

"Oh, about 8.30."

"Well, it will have grown a bit by then," he said, feeling his chin hopefully. Letty giggled, and with a sudden new zest in the coming frolic she pointed out the big white house standing back on the cliff, and tossing a gay "Au revoir till to-night," climbed up to the path again and hastened home, as if she were walking on the clouds.

There was need for haste. Basil, big, brown, and impressive in his smart uniform, but full of delight at being home again, arrived to time, and the rapture of his home-coming almost seemed to make the war worth while. There were heaps to hear and talk about, and the brother and sister lost no time in doing it. It seemed as if they must tell each other everything in the first five minutes, but though Letty was full of her bumboat experiences, she kept her own counsel about the grey-eyed sailor-man who in three days had spoilt her record of being the only absolutely heart-whole member of their set.

The hours before dinner flew like greased lightning, and when that festive meal was over Letty was relieved that her brother retired to his den to refresh his memory with a look at the draft of his and Randy's great invention, which gave her a chance to slip into her Irish colleen's dress, though, as a matter of fact, she had hardly fastened the last hooks when the surprise party arrived.

According to the prearranged plan, they silently invaded the hall, and then, with a sudden tempestuous burst of harmony, set up a chorus of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," which brought Basil rushing from his den to be set upon by a strange motley crew with such tempestuous enthusiasm that, as he afterwards said, "the Jutland scrap was nothing to it." True to naval traditions, however, he did his duty by kissing all the girls, under the impression, as he explained afterwards, that they were blood relations in disguise. Letty laughed as hilariously as the rest, but now and then slipped away, alert and listening, and presently was rewarded by the sound of heavy footsteps crunching the gravel outside.

"I must find him a pair of Basil's pumps," she thought; "he'll simply squash my feet with those sea-boots when the dancing begins," and slipping out into the garden she intercepted the grey-eyed sailor-man before he reached the front door.

"Glad you've come," she said, her blue eyes shining like stars in the twilight. "They're all here, and we're going to dance in a minute. I'll find you a pair of Basil's dancing shoes," and touching his arm lightly, she led him through the open French window into her brother's den and switched on the light.

"What do you think of the Irish now?" she said, dropping him a curtsy.

"It's my own country," he replied, "but I never thought so well of it before," and there was a look in his grey eyes that brought a deeper colour to her cheeks and made her hurriedly change the subject.

"That's Basil's photograph," she said, pointing to the picture above the writing-table. "You'll see him life-size in a minute. Wait there till I get the shoes, they're sure to fit you. He's got a foot like an elephant." And with an excited giggle at her jest, she left him and ran up to her brother's bedroom.

The shoes took some finding; first she got two right feet and then two left ones, but finally, making a more careful selection, she flew down again to her brother's den, but stopped in amazement on the threshold, for the room was empty! Could he have misunderstood her instructions and joined the revellers in the hall? But a rapid glance showed he was not among them. Puzzled and disconcerted, she slipped into the garden, and through the fast-deepening twilight caught a glimpse of the grey-eyed man beating a rapid retreat down the cliff path.

"Well, I'm not going to chase him," said Letty bravely to herself, though her heart dropped with a sudden pang of disappointment. "This comes of spreading yourself to a stranger, Letty Lorrimer! Perhaps I offended him about the size of his feet—perhaps he suddenly turned shy. Oh, well, it shan't spoil my evening."

But it did, all the same, for though Letty laughed and revelled with the rest, her gaiety was hollow, and there was not much point about her jokes. The dancing made her tired, and she was inwardly relieved when the surprise party was over and she could creep up to bed.

That night, contrary to custom, the bumboat girl lay thinking long after the rest of

the house had gone to sleep, and, when at last she followed their example, she dreamt that Basil was being pursued by a huge elephant with a "contact explosion" mine in his uplifted trunk, while she sought vainly to turn the monster's fury on herself by belaying his loose, wrinkled hide with a pair of dancing pumps. The nightmare was rent by a terrific explosion, and she woke, palpitating, to find the early sunshine streaming in at the window and her brother standing by her bedside shaking her shoulder.

"What's the matter? Why are you up at this unearthly hour?" she murmured. "Oh, I've had such an awful dream." But the expression on his face roused her.

"Look here," he said, "did any of those silly asses play a rotten trick on me last night?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Letty. "Why?"

"Because I left the plan of my invention on my desk, and I got up early to study it, but it's gone. Do you know anything about it?"

Letty's heart suddenly stood still. "No," she said.

"The *plan* has gone, but I found this on my table. Can you explain it?"

Letty took a scrap of note-paper from his hand, and read the hastily-pencilled words: "Very sorry—suddenly recalled on business."

She was silent.

"Did anyone go into my room?" demanded Basil.

"You've killed him!" gasped Letty. "I hope so," replied her brother, grimly folding and pocketing the precious document before glancing down at his victim.

[*Page 516, col. 1.*]

"Yes. I took a man there for a moment."

"What man?"

"One of the mine-sweeper's crew. He seemed a decent sort—I—I asked him to the party."

"But who was he? What do you know about him?"

Letty was again silent, while ominously

suspicious facts came flashing across her memory—his reputation for reticence among the crew, his sketch on the cliff, his German song, his sudden and inexplicable retreat from Basil's room. At last she saw it all as plain as daylight. She had been mad, and her darling Basil had got to pay for her madness. But it was a case for truth only, and with a face white to the lips she sat up in bed and told him all about it.

Basil's face grew dark as he listened; then, looking at her with an expression on his face that his sister had never seen there before, he said: "Of course, he's got it. I suppose you know you've ruined me?"

Letty sprang out of bed and rushed to the window. "She's still there," she cried. "She starts this morning, but we can catch her, Basil; if you don't get your plan back, I'll kill myself!"

The mine-sweeper was getting up steam as *The Limit*, with the bumboat girl at the wheel and Basil beside her, came churning at full speed through the blue water of the bay. No word passed between them, but though Letty could not speak she could have screamed with the agony of her suspense. For the first time for months *The Limit* bore no cargo, but she did the run in record time, and bumped alongside the trawler's gunwale with a record bump.

Leaving the crew to make fast, the brother and sister sprang on board. After a few hurried words to the skipper, Basil strode to the forecastle hatch, and, with her breath coming short and thick, Letty followed down into the dim interior. The familiar, slight, boyish figure stood by a locker with his back turned, busy with a pencil on the draft of the great invention. The sight was more than Basil could bear. With one hand he snatched the paper, and with the other caught the man by the collar and flung him backwards with such force and fury that, taken unawares, he staggered across the forecastle and, his sunny head meeting a sea-chest on the way, dropped like a log.

"You've killed him," gasped Letty.

"I hope so," replied her brother, grimly folding and pocketing the precious document before glancing down at his victim. Then all at once, with a petrified expression of horror, he dropped on his knee beside the prostrate figure and cried:

"Good heavens! It's *Randy!*"

"What!" cried Letty, staring in stupefaction at her brother's horrified face. "Randy on a mine-sweeper!"

"It's just the sort of job he would take on," returned Basil between his teeth, glaring across at his sister. "You've done it properly this time!"

"Well, he's not dead, anyhow," cried Letty with a break in her voice, for the grey eyes had opened and were looking up into her face, and in a few moments the young inventor was sitting up, leaning back on the bumboat girl's shoulder, ruefully feeling the cut on his head and smiling whimsically as he listened to his friend's contrite explanations.

"All right, old chap," he said, "it's my fault. When I saw our contraption on your table last night I got a new idea, and I bunked back here to put it down on paper while it was fresh in my mind. I meant to bring it back this morning before you missed it. But you are up so infernally early. You're quite right to knock me out, for not telling your sister who I was. I ought to apologise to her, and I——" but he broke off and looked up quickly, for just at that moment something warm and wet splashed on his face. "Oh, *don't* cry," he whispered, feeling for the bumboat girl's hand.

The mine-sweeper sailed that morning a hand short, for the skipper, being a kind and discerning soul, decided he'd no room for a man with a broken head, and Randy Fergusson was sent to sick bay at the Lorrimer's house.

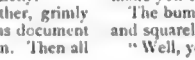
"But why *didn't* you tell me who you were?" said Letty that evening as she sat by his chair in the garden.

He was silent a minute; then he turned his bandaged head and looked at her.

"Because," he replied, "I was in love with you, and I wanted to see if it was possible to make you care for a rough sailor-man."

The bumboat girl met his grey eyes fairly and squarely.

"Well, you did," she said.



# The LETTERS of a FLAPPER

This month April's letter to her uncle tells of how, after trifling with the young affections of all the susceptible youths of her acquaintance, she herself falls a victim to the charms of blue and gold, and becomes engaged to an officer in H.M. Navy.

DARLINGEST OF UNCLES,

Your April is an exceedingly happy mite this evening. It's difficult to know where to begin. You see, I'm engaged to the dearest, noblest, 'cetera, 'cetera, young man in the world. Of course, he's a sailor. It all began in Hyde Park—just as if I were a housemaid and he a policeman. Can I wear gold for a wedding-gown, 'cos gold suits me? Oh, well, I s'pose I'd better tell you. But to think of me who have skum the cream of the young knuts among His Majesty's Forces, being tied down to one youth!

His name is Frankie St. Vincent. He commands H.M. Submarine "Z" so-and-so. You see, I've already got the silent Navy habit. And it was all my doing, as it ever is a female's, only we don't let on about it.

We clung to one another chiefly because we were both down and out, I think. I had had a bad quarter-of-an-hour with mother, who accused me of scandalous behaviour at a dance, and was wandering disconsolately up the Row, wondering why the world seemed so drab and why I was ass enough to be where I was at 10 a.m. And then I came upon a figure in blue with 2½ stripes sitting all forlorn on a green chair.

He was such a nice boy and so whacked to the wide that I forgot my own sorrow, and thanked heaven for my rather distinguished summer frock. *He was so miserable he never noticed me!* There! I grew alarmed. He might be thinking of suicide. We should lose a promising officer. I sat down three chairs away—they were quite near together—and waited for something to happen. I made up my mind that I would rescue him somehow.

In that extraordinary way they have, a chair-penny-man arrived from nowhere and demanded coin. The blue boy paid without even glancing up. It was then that my idea came. I discovered I had no money.

Picture to yourself a distressed maiden hunting distractedly for her purse, even ferreting in a non-existent pocket of a very comely petty, whereby her silken hose justified their ruinous price. What could the blue boy do? He saluted very nicely and did the obvious. In a word, he produced a penny and paid for my chair.

When the chair-warden had skinned off, the blue boy and I stared politely at one another until I began to falter my thanks. Then my purse tumbled out of my hand-bag, opened, and let five-shillingsworth or so of assorted change spread itself on the soil at my feet.

He collected it gravely and handed it to me.

"I rejoice," he observed in a calm, ironical voice, singularly winning, "that the loss was only temporary."

Then he smiled—that is, his eyes smiled. That's the wisest sort of smile, Uncle.

"Why did you do it?" he asked.

I was going to say "Do what?" but I didn't.

"'Cos we're both so miserable," I answered. "I thought we'd better weep together. Mother's been most relation-like to me this morning. What's your little cross?"

**Mother had been most trying, and accused me of scandalous behaviour at a dance.**
(Page 517, col. 1.)

It was so unlike me to blab out all my small woes that I began to feel quite frightened. The blue boy only said:

"My guv'nor's soured on me. If I torpedoed every sunset super-dreadnought in the Very German Navy it'd make no difference. I met him at his club after a rather celebrated celebration, and I s'pose my tie wasn't quite straight. He is the *ancien régime*, you know, peculiarly *ancien*, so much so that he can't remember when he used to do the same himself over the Battle of Trafalgar, or Hastings, or whatever it was in his snorting youth."

"The last generation is very tiresome," I said sympathetically. "It has washed seven times in Jordan or something, and forgotten all it ever learnt. Or else it doesn't like to see us learning because it's jealous! Perhaps that's it."

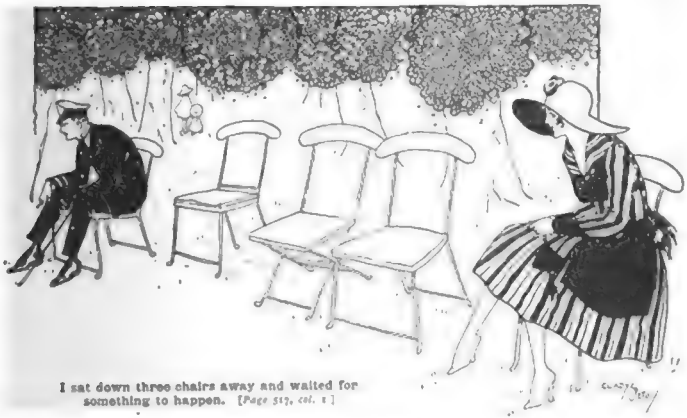
He looked at me dreamily, and I almost blushed.

"I would say 'come out to lunch,' only you are too nice for these casual friendships," he murmured. How often I have heard that formula! "You make me feel all good, as if I wanted to be allowed to call on your mother and endure afternoon tea in her drawing-room. I fear it must be love at first sight. Nothing else would persuade me to drink tea in someone's mother's drawing-room."

"It's a very decent instinct," I told him. "The instinct will pass for the deed. You may take me to lunch, since I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, for my mother already despises me. We will talk over the proprieties then. They make thrilling conversation."

You see how bitter and epigrammatic we were, don't you, Uncle dear? But we soothed one another in the nicest way. I placed balm on Frankie's wounds and he salved mine. By the coffee stage we were old friends. Long ago I had caught that look in his eye which means a proposal sooner or later, and generally frightens me. But this time it didn't. It made me feel awful safe and comfy.

To cut a long story short, we did it on a middle-aged, rather sporting woman of his acquaintance to discover she knew mother, and she introduced Frankie. And as he had only a few days' leave, he collared father that very day, for, of course, he had proposed very charmingly over the third cup of coffee and seventh cigarette after lunch. And as Frankie is a little hero in his way, quite well off, very jolly, and doesn't want to be married



I sat down three chairs away and waited for something to happen. [Page 517, col. 1]

till after the war in case his luck is out, though it won't be, because—well, because I love him, and I don't care if you do laugh, father caved in, and so did Frankie's father eventually, and now you may write and congratulate me.

Oh, goo, Uncle, as I undressed that night and took off my dear *crêpe* undies and dreamt of the most glorious trousseau after the war, I did somehow feel that playing about is all very well, but it's heavenly to have someone of your very own.

And now I'm engaged I'm going to put my hair up, so I shan't be a flapper any more.

One comfort, I shan't have to wear long skirts, 'cos no-one does these days, which is a great relief. Fancy buying trousseau stockings and shoes, and hiding them under trailing petticoats!

I foresee a famine of silk stockings by the time my shopping is finished.

But it's all for the sake of the Navy, and they do appreciate them.

Do write and wish me luck.

Your happiest

APRIL.

And now I'm engaged I'm going to put my hair up, so I shan't be a flapper any more.

By Barry Pain.

A subterranean London in which the residential and commercial quarters are underground, while the surface is unspoilt country devoted to pleasure and recreation, may sound at first a startling proposition. In the following article Mr. Barry Pain, the famous author, describes with characteristic brilliance the advantages of a scheme by which London and other big cities would be banished underground.

One afternoon in late summer I walked in Mayfair with my friend, the Visionary.

"There," he suddenly exclaimed, with a gesture that pointed and also accused, "there is a thing that always makes me furious."

Yet the thing at which he pointed was not unfamiliar, and we mostly accept it with tolerance. A part of the roadway had been roped off. Inside the enclosure a deep trench had been dug, and workmen were busy with defective pipes. A deep voice from the depths of the trench said: "Ease her a bit your end, Bill."

"Yes," said my friend, "we bury the mains for water, gas, and electricity. We bury them with unfailing hope and unfounded faith. After all, when they go wrong, there is generally something to indicate it. If, for instance, sundry paving-stones are flung into the air, accompanied by a loud explosion and a sheet of flame, we say that it looks as if a fault in the gas pipe had met a failure in the electric wires, and proceed to clear away the dead and injured. If the roadway heaves up, and the street is flooded, we say that it would not surprise us if the water-main had gone wrong. In either case we dig a deep hole in the roadway, disorganise the traffic for days, and effect a repair under difficult conditions. That is the sort of tom-fool muddle with which custom has made us contented."

"Well, what do you want?" I asked.

"It is quite obvious. We should have all these mains at the surface in commodious covered trenches. There they could be frequently inspected, defects could be remedied before they became serious, and the requisite work would be done under easier and better conditions."

"But you can't put them on the surface," I said. "There's no place for them. The houses and streets are in the way."

"No doubt," he replied complacently. "But what does that prove? Because we put on the surface streets and houses that ought to be buried, therefore we have to bury the mains that should unquestionably be on the surface."

"But that is too wild. The streets and houses are to be buried? You're contemplating an underground London, then?"

"Precisely. London must go below. It sounds a drastic statement, and naturally I do not base it on the fact that an underground London would give us better facilities for our pipes and wires. I take much wider ground. London must go below for reasons of safety, of hygiene, and of convenience—for æsthetic reasons—for thousands of reasons."

It chanced that the Visionary and I dined together at the club that night. Afterwards, in a comfortable and remote corner of the smoking-room, I reverted to his extraordinary convictions.

"I might possibly conceive," I said, "that a subterranean London would be in some few respects safer, but I cannot see that it would be more convenient. Any believer in fresh air and sunlight must believe that it would be far less hygienic. And it is impossible to see that there would be, or could be, any æsthetic advantage. What, for example, would be the æsthetic advantage if we buried St. Paul's Cathedral?"

"I will answer that question presently," he said, as he lit a cigar that was over life-size, "but first of all let us clear the ground a little. Before you criticise my demands, you must know more exactly what it is that I want and expect. Subterranean London will not arrive this year or next, nor, in all probability, within the next twenty or thirty years. We must wait until that which is to-day desirable becomes possible, and then we must wait again until the prejudice against the possibility has died out. London is a careful and conservative city; it is likely that many other towns will go below, and that the advantages will be fully demonstrated before London makes any move in the matter.

"I spoke of thirty years—you are old enough to remember the principal scientific gains of the last thirty years, and you lived once in a world which had no motor-cars, no aircraft, and no wireless telegraphy. It is reasonable to suppose that in the next thirty years science will continue to make progress. It is obvious that at present there is absurd waste in the production and distribution of the electric current, and that in consequence the price of the current is too high.

"I am not an electrician or an engineer; I know nothing of science, and cannot even express myself in correct scientific phraseology, but I am only saying what is generally admitted. Electricity must, and will, become cheaper. In thirty years' time water will still continue to seek a lower level, but it will be made to work its passage. The power of its descent will be used to store electricity. The phrase is erroneous, of course, and there is no such thing as a storage battery; what we store is a chemical condition from which electricity can be produced, but for practical purposes the phrase is good enough.

"It is possible even that we may succeed in harnessing for our use the almost limitless force which is every hour being wasted around our coasts—I mean, of course, the force of the tides. In any case I should expect to see, within thirty years, a cheap and abundant electric supply. The electric current is used commonly to-day for lighting purposes; in thirty years' time it will be used universally for heating and cooking as well. The numberless escalators and moving platforms which the subterranean London will require will be provided at, as compared with to-day, a very small expense. I am presuming, too, that science will have disposed of other troubles that are now present with us.

"For instance, at this moment fatal sewage gas is laid on to every house in London, and the sanitary experts and plumbers have to see to it that the fatality is not actually delivered. The whole system is so clumsy that it seems certain that one day a better system must be devised. Take the smoke nuisance, too. When London is subterranean, anybody who is foolish enough to produce smoke from coal combustion will be stopped and fined, or possibly put in a lunatic asylum. Trains will run into the very heart of London, but not under steam; no steam-engine will be seen within a radius of twenty miles of Charing Cross. Briefly, London will go underground as soon as science has made it possible, and science will make it possible, and people alive to-day will see it accomplished. But I think you asked me some direct question?"

"I did," I said. "I asked what we gained by burying St. Paul's?"

"Well," he said, "this begins at the end, but never mind, since we are just talking casually. The residential and commercial side of London must be buried. But I recognise that we have features which for historical and æsthetic reasons should be left where they are and as they are. That applies to St. Paul's. As I should never dream of burying it, you ought to be satisfied. But I go much further than that. I say that under the new conditions of subterranean London, St. Paul's would for the first time have justice done to it. Consider that. Bring your imagination to bear on it. It would no longer be ringed by a collection of mean buildings and shops. The view of it would no longer be barred by the bridge of a dirty railway.

"Below ground Ludgate Hill would be no doubt a perfect warren of shops and offices, but on the surface it would be Ludgate Park—a sylvan scene stretching down to the Thames and having St. Paul's as its crown of glory. That is a point to remember. A few seconds on the escalator will bring the Londoner up into more beautiful country than he can see now in a strenuous week-end. When London, commercial and residential, is buried, overhead, in a clear, smokeless atmosphere, we shall have the garden of the world. Boys and girls will play tennis on the lawns of Cheapside, you will pluck wild roses in Mayfair, and in the forest of Fulham the red deer will come down to drink from an unpolluted Thames.

"It is not the least gain of a subterranean London that the country would then come up to its very doors. At present we brag about our poor little parks and call them the lungs of London, truly admitting that without them London would be quite stifled. We are too easily contented. The area of health and pleasure should be equal to the area of residence and commerce, and in the London that I picture this would for the first time be attained. At any point in subterranean London a few seconds on the escalator would bring the Londoner up from the city into the country.

"That would be the general idea—that the surface should be for health and pleasure, and that the business and routine of life should be submerged. St. Paul's would not be the only building on the surface. I would leave there any non-residential building which would justify its position by its beauty or its great historical interest. Most of the principal theatres would be above ground. There would be broad, winding, leafy avenues, in which one might drive tandem or four-in-hand, for the horse will never be abolished until science has made a better animal.

"There would be special tracks on which your motor-car would be hampered by no speed limit. Hounds might find in Regent's Park and kill in Edgeware. It might be that London would get fresh country produce from just overhead. The heavy cows might waddle home along the lane that is now called Piccadilly, and Chelsea might give up genius and make a name for its strawberries. If only London will go below there is no limit to the beautiful and hygienic things that might happen above."

There he paused, glanced at the clock, and rang the bell. After the waiter had brought us what we thought we required, I ventured to ask my friend how he had planned the underground part of this new London.

"There," he said, "on many points I am still vague. I may be a prophet and a philosopher, but I make no claim to any practical knowledge. The general plan would be strictly rectangular—even more so than it is at present in New York, with its rebellious Broadway. In subterranean business London we must make things as easy as possible. The present plan of London is too difficult. An American in the Euston Road once told me that he wished to walk to Victoria, and asked me to direct him. I nearly burst into tears; I knew, of course, but the difficulty of making the American know seemed insuperable. In subterranean London there will be a number of principal streets running parallel North and South, and a number of principal streets running parallel East and West.

"In addition to the ordinary footpath and roadway—which will be for motor-drawn vehicles only—there will be in each principal street, moving ways. We should get used to the moving ways quite as easily as we have got used to the escalator. A free use will be made of bridges and subways, and at frequent intervals there will be public escalators to the surface. The less important streets, the side streets, will be very much as they are now. All streets will be brilliantly lit during the day; it is possible to get a very fair imitation of sunlight with the electric light. At night they will be lit sufficiently but much less brilliantly."

"And the houses?" I asked.

"I trust," he said, "that they will be far simpler affairs than they are to-day. To-day our houses and furniture are greedy gods, to which we make immense sacrifices of money, and thought, and valuable time. In subterranean London a man will eat, and sleep, and work, but naturally he will spend as much time as possible in the beautiful

Underground London would be laid out on a rectangular plan, and, in addition to the ordinary footpath and roadway, there would be in each principal street, moving ways. Public escalators to the surface would be an important feature, while the tube railways would, of course, be overhead.

country overhead. I imagine that the ordinary houses will consist of three stories. The floor nearest to the surface will be devoted to the service—the kitchen, and so on, though I am willing to believe that the private and individual kitchen will be extinct before my subterranean London comes into being. Still, domestic service of some kind I think we must always have. The floor below that will be devoted to the reception rooms, and here would be the front door on the street level. Has it ever occurred to you what an advantage it would be to have the entrance on the middle floor of the house? Of course it is not possible as long as we build our houses upwards, but it will be quite simple when we have intelligence enough to build them downwards. To resume, on the floor below the street level will be the bedrooms."

"Will they?" I said. "There are some men, myself included, who prefer to sleep with their bedroom windows wide open."

"Have you no imagination at all?" asked the Visionary severely. "The whole science of ventilation may be in its infancy at present, but it will be perfected before subterranean London is constructed. Then, every street and every room of every house will receive its supply of fresh air at regular intervals throughout the day and night, without noise and without draught.

"If you cannot go to Margate, the fresh and tonic breezes of the Channel will be brought to you. It can be done easily and cheaply, as soon as we have decided that London must go below. At present, one improvement after another is laid aside in order that we may avoid scrapping something of the good-enough order. The nest of messy ornaments that we call a house nowadays is not ventilated at all, and your open bedroom window is little better than a superstition. But in the London of which I dream we shall have real ventilation.

"Well, I don't want to go on talking interminably. It all seems to me so obvious. Even you must have realised, for example, the equable temperature that an underground dwelling gives us. It is cool in summer and warm in winter. The severest winter we have does not take the frost very far down into the earth. Subterranean London would never suffer from it. There would be no burst pipes — no hurried and maddening quest for an overworked and inefficient plumber.

"I think you did admit my statement that an underground London would be safer. When we build a house upwards we expose it to various stresses that would be avoided if we built it in the right way, that is, downwards. If your house is underground, high winds will not disturb your slates or tiles. The lightning will not touch it. It is safe in time of peace, and in war it would be far safer than any house constructed on our present erroneous lines.

"Mother Earth is the best protection against high explosives. Good and wise people have advised us in case of an air-raid to descend into our cellars. Many of us have not got cellars, for the simple reason that in a non-basement house it is more possible to get and to keep domestic servants. If we get into the cellar and the house comes down on the top of it, it is difficult to see what advantage is gained. But a subterranean London, with its bedrooms a hundred feet or so below the surface, might laugh at the raiding aircraft.

"Underground building will come, and long before London adopts it. It will give the architects a chance to break away, not only from the conventional idea, but also from the conventional ways of avoiding the conventional idea. I wonder who will begin it? Possibly some intelligent millionaire may decide to build himself a house downwards; if he does, I hope he will let me help him.

"Meanwhile I have given you my views—sketchily, no doubt, but, I hope, convincingly. Is that not so?"

"Partly," I said. "Sketchily, at any rate."

He looked for a moment as if he were going to argue the point. But the Visionary would always sooner believe than argue, and at that moment his glance fell upon his empty glass and turned his thoughts in another direction.

"Would you kindly press that bell?" he said.

## LONDON PRIDE.

Twenty years in an East End Street
Where the docks and the wharves and the tram-lines meet.
Playing at ball when the cops aren't looking;
Hanging round Lockhart's to smell the cooking;
And talking a bit, on a fine spring day,
With a girl from a factory over the way.
She's got a window-box stuck outside
And she's growing a root of London Pride—
London Pride - London Pride!

The noise of a brass band coming along—
The tramp of the feet and the marching song;
The folks are waving, the flags are flying.
And don't look too close, for I think she's crying.
She's been standing here for the last half-hour
To see him pass, and to throw her flower;
With his head held high and his gallant stride,
And his heart uplifted with London pride—
London pride—London pride!

Out in the wet and windy weather,
Huddled down in the trench together,
Men from the spacious ends of the earth
Hear his Cockney tongue and his Cockney mirth;
And grin at each other, and understand
Why they have come to lend a hand.
For there's nothing the Empire shall divide
While it's linked with the magic of London pride—
London pride—London pride!

And perhaps he'll come marching home again
Through the London mud and the London rain;
With, there in his pocket, withered and dried,
One little sprig of London Pride!
And perhaps, in a friendly foreign land,
An old French priest, with a gentle hand,
Shall mark the spot where a hero died
With a wreath of London—London Pride!

T O'Meara.

Photo Claude Harris.

Mr. Potash, as portrayed by Mr. Yorke, is a peaceful, kindly soul, while——

# JUST A 'JEW-OLOGUE'

By Margaret Chute.

Photo Claude Harris.

——Mr. Perlmutter, otherwise Mr. Leonard, is of the fiery, energetic type.

Those who saw *Potash and Perlmutter* when it was first produced will rejoice that a new play, *Potash and Perlmutter in Society*, which deals with the same central figures, is now being played at the Queen's Theatre. The following article gives a vivid glimpse of the personalities of Mr. Augustus Yorke and Mr. Robert Leonard, who, as partners in the famous firm of costumiers, are once more making all London laugh.

"Come right in!" said a voice—in fact, two voices, speaking as one.

"This is fine!" continued the voices. "Is that chair all right? Good—hurry? Not on your life—heaps of time——'

And the duet ended with:

"Haven't we, Bob?"

"Haven't we, Gus?" uttered simultaneously.

Then they both nodded.

To themselves, in their dressing-room, Augustus Yorke and Robert Leonard are simply "Gus" and "Bob." To the public on the stage they are "Abe" and "Mawruss"—the most lovable pair of comedians in the world—peaceful, kindly Mr. Potash and his fiery, energetic, but equally kind-hearted partner, Mr. Perlmutter.

An interview with one or the other, as a solo, seemed all wrong somehow. And so it became an interview with both of them together—a sort of glorified duet. Though many interviews have come my way, it was never my happy lot previously to interrogate two famous comedians in one dressing-room at the same moment.

Dazed? Yes, just a little, for the question was how, where, and with which "interviewee" to start business.

By the way, it is characteristic of these two stars that they *shared* a dressing-room at the Queen's Theatre throughout the enormous run of the original *Potash and Perlmutter*, and the sharing business was a great success.

Expecting to find Mr. Yorke installed in one star room and Mr. Leonard in another—and prepared to wear out shoe leather and energy in racing between the two rooms, hurling questions at each actor in turn, it was a delightful surprise to be welcomed by two voices at once and to find them partners off the stage as well as on.

Two neat dressing-tables, side by side, and two clever actors, wearing cool coats of black alpaca, seated at these tables, turning round expectantly towards the interviewer, ready to relate facts or anecdotes in the intervals of manipulating grease paints.

"Abe" Yorke, most lovable of Potash's, ran his fingers through a shock of jet black hair—his own hair. "Say," said he, with a smile, "this reminds me, you know how folks *will* talk about stage players? Well, nobody believes the wig I wear as Potash *is* a wig. Do they, Bob?"

"That's so!" agreed Mr. Leonard.

"And just to show you, here's a true little story I overheard with my very own ears. I was in a restaurant, and next table to us sat two ladies. They looked at me, and then I heard one of them say: 'That's Mr. Potash! D'you notice his hair? Well, it's a wig! He's quite bald, really, like he looks on the stage, but he doesn't want people to know, so he wears a wig in the street!' My—my! But that lady had got mixed up some, hadn't she?—just reversing things like that!"

"I've got a yarn for you," cut in Mr. Leonard when the laugh was over. "Listen

to this! Gus and I thought we stopped a Zepp. panic in this the-a-tre last summer. And that's some work, doesn't it? as Mawruss would say. Lady, it happened this way. Gus and I were playing a scene one night when we heard a faint, muffled banging not far off. He looked at me——"

"And Bob looked at me, and——"

"Our eyes said to each other: 'Zepps.!' All we wanted to do, right away, was to keep that audience from knowing danger was near. Noise? I tell you, I've never talked so much or so loudly before. We rattled and roared and raved on, with never a second's pause, and all through the scene that banging went on—far away, but always there. And the audience laughed and didn't know.

"At last we got off, Gus and I, and seized people, crying: 'Where is it? How is it? Have we saved the situation?' till they thought we'd jumped straight out of the mad-house! But we managed to explain things, and then came the climax.

"'Zepp.?' said somebody. 'That's not a Zepp.—it's an open skylight in the roof over the stage, banging in the wind; a man's just gone up to have it closed!'

"Talk about cheap heroes — a beggar could have bought us, twice over, just then!"

"We wanted to see lots of England," said Mr. Yorke, "but we've had so much work to do that it hasn't been easy—our holidays have been mostly Saturday to Monday since we came over. Hard work? Oh, but we like it—isn't that so, Bob?"

"Sure!" agreed Bob.

"Before I was an actor I did 'Lyceum' work," continued Mr. Potash, reminiscently; "that means lectures and readings at churches and halls. *That* was hard work, truly, because the jokes would keep popping in! So I gave it up, and became an actor. It was good to be on the stage; I'd loved it all my life. After many parts over in the States came the chance to play Abe Potash in Charles Klein's comedy. And, here's a strange thing. My very first part on the stage was given to me by the same man who discovered Charles Klein.

"It was fine to come to England in *Potash and Perlmutter*, and another funny thing is

Photos Foulsham & Banfield.

Mr. Leonard and Mr. Yorke are partners off the stage as well as on, and share a dressing-room in the most amiable manner possible. Here Mr. Leonard is about to "make-up" as Mr. Perlmutter, while the reflection in the glass is that of Mr. Yorke—as himself

the fact that Bob Leonard and I had *never met* till we began to rehearse for Abe and Mawruss — had we, Bob?"

"Never!" said Mr. Leonard. "I'd been in vaudeville and musical comedy, doing Jewish parts, and I'd never worked behind the footlights without a beard before I played Mawruss Perlmutter! Most people expect Jewish comedians to have a beard, somehow. Oh, and it does amuse me to be asked if my part isn't awfully hard work? Hard—after some

So realistic is Mr Yorke's "make-up" as the kindly Potash, that many people refuse to believe he is not really bald. Mr. Yorke enjoys a game of golf, and —

of the stunts I've done? Why, it's just too easy. Don't you forget I've played twelve turns in one day, and that was a Sunday! Have I ever told you about it, Gus?"

Mr. Yorke, busy with his wig, said "No."

"It'll tickle you to death then. . . . There were two turns on the bill, Gus—and moving pictures. I was one of the turns, a star attraction, don't forget, at £7 a week, and the price of admission was 2½d. Ordinary days we did seven turns each, and the pictures did the rest. Sunday was a beanfeast, so we worked double time. Fourteen turns, that was my little share, which started at 2 p.m. and wasn't through by midnight.

"Some time during the day I felt hungry, rushed out after one turn to a restaurant over the road, ordered food, got down two mouthfuls, when over came a boy shouting: 'Your turn next, Mr. Leonard!' Rushed back, did another turn. Returned to restaurant, eat some more, off again, another turn, back again, and so on, till I didn't know if I was eating to please myself or to amuse the waiters! When people mention hard work I just think of that Sunday—and it's enough!"

The call boy intimated that time was getting short.

Mr. Leonard and Mr. Yorke exchanged glances.

"You like our little coats?" began one of them diffidently. "But, you see, these coats aren't used in the dressing-room, really—*you* explain, Bob."

Mr. Leonard took up the story. "They are our coats from the second act of the original *Potash* play," he said. "We make up in our shirt-sleeves, Gus and I, ordinary days, but to-day was a special day, so we—we're glad you like them, anyway!"

"Talking of shirt-sleeves," murmured Mr. York, "do you know this Jewish story? A man went into the shop of a Jewish haberdasher, and said: 'Say, mister, have you got shirts?'

"'Yes, sir,' said the ancient Hebrew, expecting to do business.

"'*Clean* ones?' insisted the man.

"'Yes, sir—very clean!' was the reply.

"'Then, for heaven's sake, put one on!' retorted the man."

"What about the lady in the tramcar?" inquired Bob Leonard. "It's one of Gus's stories, you know. A lady got into a crowded tramcar in Boston, Mass., and a polite old nigger promptly offered his seat to her.

"'Oh, sir,' said the lady, 'don't let me deprive you of your seat?' Whereat the kind old darkey replied cheerfully: 'Dat's all right, ma'am; it's *no* depravity—no depravity at all!'"

"And here's another—not Jewish this time," smiled Mr. Yorke. "An Irishman, who was rather too fond of strong drink, was asked by his parish priest: 'My son, how do you ever expect to get into Heaven?' Pat replied: 'Shure, an' that's aisy. When I get to the gates of Heaven I'll open the door and shut the door, and open the door and shut the door, and keep on doing that till Saint Peter gets impatient and says: "For goodness' sake, either come in—or stay out!"'"

In a few minutes the stage would be waiting, so my parting with the cheerful partners was due. Having endeavoured to keep the interviewer as much as possible in the background, I must now force her upon the public. For a grave difficulty confronted me.

"You've been very kind," I told them, "but I'm really puzzled over one thing. This is the first time I've ever done a duet-interview, and I'm stuck for a title. What can you suggest?"

They looked at each other, thought deeply for an instant, then, with a single voice, they uttered a happy double thought:

"Call it—just a Jew-ologue!" they suggested. So I've taken their excellent advice.

*Photo* *Freishem & Bamfield.*

—If there is any rivalry between him and Mr. Leonard it is obviously of the most good-natured order, for they are as good friends on the links as on the stage.

# GLAMOUR

By Dorothy Rose.

*"Alas! how easily things go wrong!*
*A sigh too deep, or a kiss too long,*
*And then comes mist and a weeping rain,*
*And life is never the same again."*

I.

Until Meg Graham met Lieutenant Terence Dougal and succumbed to the glamour of his uniformed attractions, she had fondly believed herself in love with Dr. Giles, the lame medical practitioner of the village, at present striving to stifle his disappointment at being ineligible by running the practice of an absent colleague as well as his own.

Meg fell a victim to Terence during a visit to her invalid Aunt Julia at Kensington, whither she escaped each spring from the stagnation of her village home at Glenmarsh, among the dim blue Surrey hills.

Usually, Meg's two weeks' visit went by sedately to the accompaniment of limited shopping and blameless tea-parties. Terence made it a fortnight of unadulterated delight, a carnival in which he wrested for her and his own pleasure all London had to give, ere he left it for the battlefields of Flanders.

Terence was Aunt Julia's godson, twenty-four, utterly irresponsible and entirely charming. He had a shock of dark hair, persuasive blue eyes, and a smile which made his passage through life a triumphal progress. To Meg he was a revelation. Glenmarsh harboured few young men, the only personable one being Dr. Giles Allan, whom up to now she had regarded as a god upon Olympus.

But Dr. Giles was a man, grave-faced and purposeful, and Terence was a boy, careless, impetuous, full of the self-confidence of untried youth. Moreover, Terence was in khaki, and khaki invests even the plainest man with interest, while Terence would have been handsome garbed in a blanket. Wherefore Meg's immature heart flutterings in the Doctor's direction were lulled to rest, and she sunned herself in the reflected glow that clung about the young Irish subaltern.

Terence found her adorable. Her innocent eyes were the indefinite, changeable brown of a moorland pool; her rippling hair echoed the tarnished gold of autumn bracken. A dimple in her wild-rose cheek, the merest suggestion of a tip-tilt to her nose saved her from insipidity. Her naive delight in his company flattered his masculine pride, while Meg, who had long envied the Vicar's daughters their succession of khaki-clad visitors, held her graceful head higher, for the thought that she, too, numbered a soldier-man among her friends.

The night before he left for the Front Meg treasured long in her memory as a festival and a benediction. Terence was to take her to the theatre and to supper, and her Aunt, anxious she should go bravely clad, had held high counsel with the dressmaker. The

woman was an artist, and the bunchy white tulle frock, with its touches of azalea pink, suited Meg's fresh girlish beauty to perfection. She revelled in the pink silk stockings—her first *real* silk pair—and the satin slippers with their tiny silver rosettes. The subtle intoxication which comes to the woman who feels herself worthily robed pervaded her, giving her poise, a new confidence, even a vague sense of power.

"By Jove! You do look corking!" It needed only Terence's rapturous exclamation, the admiration in his handsome Irish eyes, to transplant her straight to fairyland.

"I'm so glad you like it!" Meg gave a sigh of content, and thrilled deliciously as Terence wrapped her in the shimmering pale pink wrap her Aunt had provided.

"A Rosebud Princess!" he murmured in his caressing Irish voice, stifling for once in his impetuous young life the impulse to kiss her just where the golden-brown hair waved away so distractingly from her soft white neck.

To Meg it was still a new experience to be squired to the stalls, to be the sole object of a young man's attention; in her innocence it never struck her that Terence's naturally winning manner had been perfected by several years of intermittent attendance on the maidens of his choice. Terence's homage to beauty was wide and all embracing; he had the fatal gift of making the girl he happened to be with feel that for him the world held no other.

The revue was a made-to-pattern affair, but Meg received it with an enthusiasm that left Terence half amused and half touched. She was so naive, so responsive, so deliciously unaware of her own prettiness. The boy's impressionable heart kindled before her spontaneous charm, and by the time they were seated at a secluded table at The Diadem he was ready to choose the engagement ring at a minute's notice.

The Diadem is one of the most charming restaurants in London. There is an air of repose about its colour scheme of black and white, relieved by the vivid pink of lampshades that exactly match the geraniums on table and window-sill. The band is beyond reproach and never obtrusive, the service velvet-footed and pleasantly deferential. Meg felt herself transported to fairyland; the magic of her surroundings intoxicated her; she glowed and sparkled. Like a flower which only comes to full beauty beneath the touch of the sun, so she blossomed into the radiance of awakened girlhood before the vivifying influence of gaiety and admiration.

Terence, for all his good spirits, lapsed into wistfulness as the meal progressed. It came to him suddenly that London was a topping place, and the Front, from all accounts, quite unattractive, and singularly devoid of such stimulating things as salmon mayonnaise and pink silk stockings.

"This time next week I shall be up to the neck in it," he remarked tentatively. "Jove! it will be rotten leaving all the giddy whirl, and living three miles from the nearest bath-tub."

Meg darted a sympathetic smile across the pink geraniums. Before the blending of courage and boyish wistfulness in his blue eyes her heart throbbed responsively; the yearning to comfort, to give with both hands, came to her as it comes to all women who see their menfolk set forth to the land whence so many do not return.

"I'm so sorry, and—so proud." The words were simple enough, but they stirred Terence from his mood of pleasurable melancholy to one of tempestuous desire. At that moment he honestly believed that for him the world held no other girl but this shy, sweet sprite with the flower-like face and limpid brown eyes.

"This has been a splendid fortnight. I shall always remember it." Terence's brown hand closed over her little ringless one as it lay on the tablecloth. (The tables are discreetly far apart at The Diadem, and long practice had made Terence an expert at unobtrusive love-making). "You won't forget a poor beggar when he's g o n e, l i t t l e girl?"

"F o r g e t you?" Meg's smile of homage was incense on the altar of the young officer's self-conceit. "I couldn't forget you, and I should not dream of trying."

"You darling! I believe you *do* care!"

Terence's b l u e eyes

Terence was Aunt Julia's godson, twenty-four, utterly irresponsible and entirely charming.

"You darling! I believe you *do* care!" Terence's blue eyes searched her flushed face.

searched her flushed face; his smile would have wooed a queen to forsake her throne. "I shall go away happy if you do. We can't be engaged now—it wouldn't be fair to you"—Terence had occasional bursts of caution—"but after the war—you'll wait for me, won't you, mavourneen?"

"Always!"

Meg's clear eyes met his, trustful and serene. This was her golden night, her glimpse of Paradise. Terence needed sympathy and—love. He was going to the Front; she could not let him go empty-handed. The glamour of khaki was upon her; in her exalted mood she would have gone barefoot across the world at his behest.

"Bless your heart!" Terence's voice was magically soft as he rose and picked up the pale pink cloak. "We'd better be off, or I shall kiss you under the eye of the waiter. I can't wait another minute," he said.

II.

Meg went back to Glenmarsh in a glow of radiant happiness. The gabled cottage, with its low-pitched rooms and wistaria-patterned chintzes, was to her an enchanted palace; the garden, where the first chrysanthemums raised their tawny heads, a fairy bower. The monotonous round of dusting and cake-making, of gardening and knitting, was glorified and made beauteous in her eyes by the flaming background of her love.

The engagement was to be a secret at present—the young officer refused to bind her—and so only her mother and Dr. Giles were admitted to the glorious fellowship of Terence. Mrs. Graham, making discreet inquiries from Aunt Julia, received a pæan of praise, since her godson had even that independent lady in the toils of his winning personality. Dr. Giles said little, but his deep-set, penetrating eyes grew graver than their wont, and a new line furrowed the corner of his sensitive, well-cut mouth.

At first Terence wrote frequently, long pencil scrawls full of high spirits and boyish self-confidence. Meg treasured his letters as girls do treasure their first love-letters, slept with the latest under her lavender-scented pillow, and tucked it in her blouse by day that she might take surreptitious peeps at it when occasion offered. In return she chronicled her own doings for his benefit, weaving them into a glowing pattern through which the golden thread of her happiness and trust ran transfiguring and ever present.

She trusted him completely, and when letters fell off, Meg had always a ready excuse. He was in the trenches—the letter had gone astray—there were so many reasons why he could not write often. In these days Meg's wild-rose colour failed a little; the snowdrops, peeping through the beds by the flagged pathway, found her pale, a little tense about the lips, but with a new and abiding glory in her limpid brown eyes. Dr. Giles, watching her wistfully, felt a new and unaccustomed desire for personal conflict. His lean, skilful hands ached to get a grip of the thoughtless boy-man who had robbed the girl he adored of the first bloom of radiant youth.

He was very good to her in those days. A hard life had given Dr. Giles a sympathy and breadth of outlook before which troubled hearts opened as flowers to the sun. Meg never knew what it cost him to hear her little confidences; she only knew that she turned to him instinctively, deriving courage and hope from his very presence. There was a dear dependableness about him which, in contrast with Terence's irresponsible ways, had about it something solacing and comforting. It did not strike her that when an engaged girl begins to compare her *fiancé* in the least degree unfavourably with another man there is a flaw in the perfection of their love.

When the bluebells spread their azure carpet in the larch wood behind the cottage, Terence spoke hopefully of leave, and Meg's heart beat high with expectation. She began to furbish up her wardrobe that she might go bravely clad in the eyes of the man she loved, but it was August, and the sun flamed down

on fields of waving grain ere the letter came which announced his impending arrival.

III.

There was only one chair in the shattered, desolate room that had once been a farm-house kitchen, and that, with characteristic regard for his own comfort, had been annexed by Terence. His two brother subalterns sat on sugar boxes, the while they flung facetious questions at him regarding the letter he was endeavouring to write.

"Which one are you writing to, Terry?" Second-Lieutenant Bobbie Howard grinned all over his fair, boyish face. "Do be careful not to get your appointments mixed, old chap. You've only eight days, and you've got about five girls to do the festive whirl with."

"Do stick to facts, Bobbie." His companion, known to the mess as "Angela," on account of his cherubic countenance, reproached him with mock gravity. "They are three in number—Beryl, the purveyor of caviare and odds and ends in aspic; Freda, who has apparently inherited the contents of a tobacco shop; and Meg, who supplies the domestic touch with socks and home-made cakes. Upon which one, Terry, my boy, do you propose to shed the light of your countenance first?"

"Beryl—Diadem—12.30 on Friday," Terence announced succinctly. He raised his head, pushed back his rumpled dark hair, and surveyed his questioners with a humorous smile.

Terence's mail was a perpetual joy to the battalion; it was as "Angela" tersely observed "a continuous performance," in which Meg, little knowing, was supported by Miss Beryl Lascelles and Miss Freda Frisky.

"Don't neglect Freda, old man! I saw her once in *Buck Up!*—third on the right, and a stunner, too, in the bathing scene. Do her well, to please me!"

"And Meg!" Bobbie chimed in joyously, his good-humoured blue eyes full of mischief. "Meg's raisin cakes are food for the gods. Don't forget little Meg!"

"Shut up, you fellows!" Terence thrust his missive into the envelope, and applied his tongue to the flap. "I shall do my duty by them all, bless 'em, an I shall get in a howling mess over it, I expect."

"Why? Terry—you haven't by any chance proposed to one of them and forgotten which?" inquired "Angela" anxiously.

"No. The fact is—well, for all I know, I may have proposed to the lot. In one's last moments at home one isn't responsible for anything. You know what it is," he added ruefully.

"Bad as that!" "Angela" hugged his knees ecstatically. "Well, if you will go round collecting unappropriated females, you must expect trouble."

"Fact is, my boy"—Bobbie assumed a fatherly attitude—"fact is you've got so in the habit of proposing you don't know when you do it. It's like yawning, or biting your nails. What are you going to do about it?"

"See what happens!" replied Terence with supreme optimism. "Beryl had a peer's son in tow at the time, and he may have cut me out by now; Freda probably has a proposal every other week; it's Meg I'm worried about. I'm afraid she'll think I meant it seriously."

"It's an aggravating way girls have," agreed Bobbie.

"It's so awfully difficult not to propose to a girl when she's pretty, and you know you won't have another chance for months," said Terence, getting up and stretching his long legs. "Anyhow, three days from now I shall be among the flesh-pots of Egypt, and nothing matters then. See you later." And he departed with a brisk step which betokened no undue anxiety over his predicament.

"He really is the extreme edge!"—so Bobbie from the chair he had appropriated. "No vice in him, but—ye gods!—three girls! That young man needs teaching a lesson."

"Angela" nodded his cropped flaxen head in agreement and rocked to and fro, his hands clasped about his knees. "Tell you what"—he raised eyes full of mischief—"let's score off him! It's a chance to get even with

Terence's voice was magically soft as he rose and linked up the pale pink cloak.

him over his everlasting practical joking. Do you know the addresses—Meg's and Freda's, that is?"

"Yes," replied Bobbie with alacrity. "You don't mean——?"

"I do!" His companion sprang up, chuckling. "'Diadem — 12.30 — Friday.' Brady's going on leave, too; we'll give him the wires, and he can send 'em off on arrival. Ye gods! I'd give a day's rations to see the meeting!"

"Guess the fur'll fly, but, 'nevertheless, I want to be there,'" chanted Bobbie exuberantly, as he produced a pad and pencil and they proceeded to their unlawful task.

IV.

The telegram had said 12.30, but it was barely twenty past when Meg invaded the black-and-pink precincts of The Diadem, and sat down timidly on one of the sumptuous lounges in the entrance-hall. The long mirror opposite reflected a winsome face, with expectant brown eyes and eager lips. Meg was not conceited, but the sight of herself in her new grey costume and white *crêpe-de-Chine* blouse inspired her with courage. Her grey suède shoes and silk stockings uplifted her; the becoming touch of rose in her wide-brimmed black hat gave her renewed confidence.

She had been there hardly five minutes when the swing-doors opened to admit a slim, stylish girl, shod and cloaked in the height of fashion. The skirt of her check costume was incredibly full and short; her blouse, of champagne-colour ninon, was fastened by an enormous cameo brooch; on her dark, pert little head was a wondrous turban-shaped hat of purple and gold brocade, with an out-size bow perched on the crown.

In spite of her obvious assurance and air of impudent alertness, there was an attractive good-humour in her quick, dark eyes. Meg heaved a sigh of relief as the girl sank down on the opposite lounge, and she recognised a companion in affliction.

Unlike Meg, the newcomer was not resigned to wait, but vented her impatience by tapping with her mauve and gold sunshade on the parquet floor. Her eyes scanned the doors as they opened to admit fashionably-dressed folk intent on lunch. One and all passed on their various ways between the black and white walls banked with pink ivy geraniums.

Once she got up, produced a powder-puff from her gold chain, and powdered her nose before the mirror beneath the outraged eyes of an Archdeacon's portly wife. Finally, catching Meg's smile of enjoyment, she crossed over and sat down beside her.

"Old camel, wasn't she?" She returned the powder-puff to its dwelling-place, and smiled wickedly at Meg. "Don't mind my talking to you, do you? I always talk to everybody, and waiting's such a rotten game. I'm aching for lobster mayonnaise and a whacking big ice, aren't you?"

"I'm too excited to be *very* hungry," confessed Meg. "You see——"

"Is he in khaki?" rapped out her companion with eagerness. "Trot it out—name, rank, battalion. Don't say he's on the Staff, or your hat'll clash with his scarlet tabs."

"He's in the 'Royal Rompers'—we're not engaged—not officially—but——"

"I know! It's the same with me—he's Irish, a real broth of a boy. *He's* in the 'Royal Rompers,' too, a lieutenant. Hand some as they make 'em—saw me in *Buck Up!* Took a fancy to little Freda—Freda Frisky, of The Jollity, you know, dear, that's me!—and here I am."

"How funny both our *fiancés* should be in the same regiment!" Meg's eyes were on the wrist-watch she wore. "It's a quarter to one, and I'm sure Terence said 12.30."

"Terence! And what else, dear?" Freda Frisky whirled round upon her companion in a flash. "Don't tell me it's Dougal—Terence Antony Dougal?"

"But it is!" Meg raised eyes full of apprehension; for a moment the lounge seemed to spin round before the terrible suspicion that assailed her.

"So that's his little game, is it?" Freda was speaking; her lips were set, her dark eyes gleamed defiantly. "Yes, your Terence and mine are the same. There couldn't be two. Didn't give you a ring, did he?"

"No. He said it wouldn't be fair to bind me until after the war. I never thought——"

"No, you wouldn't," returned Miss Frisky, not unkindly. "But I ought to have seen through him. He carried me off my feet—I don't mind owning it. He's got a way with him, *our* Terence."

"Yes." Meg's smile had all the pathos of one who sees her idol toppling from its pedestal. "But if—if it's as we think, why should he ask us both to meet him here?" she asked, with a quiver of hope in her soft voice.

"Got me there!" Freda Frisky shook her turbaned head dolefully. "Unless—it *was* a telegram you had, wasn't it, dear?"

"Yes."

"Then that settles it. Someone else has had a hand in it. It's a practical joke, you mark my words! Don't you go breaking

your heart over him, kiddie!" Freda gave her hat a tweak with one hand, and patted Meg's white-gloved fingers with the other.

"I think I'd rather go!" Meg made a movement to rise, but her companion pushed her back into her seat.

"Stay and face the music," she said encouragingly. "I'm going to. It'll be as good as a play to see his face—and, Holy Moses, here he is!" she finished, as the door opened to admit Lieutenant Dougal and a tall, stately damsel with flaming red-gold hair and a too-perfect complexion.

"How are you, old thing?" she inquired, planting herself resolutely in his pathway.

"Bless us and save us—another!" gasped Freda to herself, as she rose and went forward, her best picture-postcard smile well to the fore.

"How are you, old thing?" she inquired, planting herself resolutely in his pathway.

To say that Terence was astonished would be to underrate his feelings. He had spent a tiring morning with Miss Beryl Lascelles, who had fallen upon him in Regent Street, and had insisted on his accompanying her on a round of shopping ere resorting to The Diadem, as arranged, for lunch. She had, moreover, left him no doubts as to her expectations, had expressed her preference for rubies, and discussed the merits of pink or blue as the predominating note in her trousseau. The sight of Freda, challenging and determined, the reproachful look in Meg's brown eyes, filled him with embarrassment and mortification.

"How do you do?" he jerked out, summoning a belated smile to his flushed face and shaking hands with the two girls, while his companion contemplated a palm with rapt attention. "Who'd have thought of meeting you here?"

"Not you, evidently," said Freda pertly, "though you did send us both telegrams craving our presence at 12.30."

"Telegrams! 'Pon my honour I never sent them. Someone's been having a game with me. Of course, I'm awfully glad to see you both, and all that——"

"Yes, you look it!" put in Freda cheerfully. "Quite overcome, in fact! Won't you introduce us?"—with a casual nod at the gorgeous figure in sea-blue taffetas.

"Oh—er—yes. Beryl"—he touched his companion's arm, and before her glance of haughty displeasure, burnt his last boat behind him. "My *fiancée*, Miss Beryl Lascelles—Miss Freda Frisky and Miss Graham."

"How d'ye do?" Freda proffered fingertips as nonchalant as Miss Lascelles' own, while Meg miserably compared her own dainty reflection with the newcomer's opulent splendour. "Don't let's keep you. Miss Graham and I'll trot along and find a coffee-stall."

"Right you are!" Terence was not unwilling to put an end to the interview. Freda might let the whole bag of tricks out, and Beryl's temper was none of the best. Meg he could trust—she was too retiring, too proud to exhibit her humiliation; but, after all, Beryl was a fine-looking girl, and a Judge's daughter couldn't be played with. On the whole, he felt he had got off very lightly.

The two girls followed him with their eyes as he vanished upstairs; then Freda linked

one arm through Meg's, and together they went out into the August sunshine.

"Cheer up, dear!" said the ornament of The Jollity, with a brave little smile. "He's not worth a tear. I bet Beryl's putting him through it this very minute."

V.

It was a sad and chastened Meg who sped homewards through the golden afternoon, her castle of dreams in a thousand fragments at her feet. To-day had shown her Terence in a new light. She realised that, though there was no vice in him, although his protestations were made in all sincerity and without deliberate deceit, he was unstable and utterly without ballast. His very attractiveness, his overwhelming desire for popularity, led him with no vicious intent to try and be all things to all people. By the time Glenmarsh was reached, the peace of the countryside had stolen into her veins, and a sense of having escaped from some intangible danger pervaded her.

To Meg it seemed quite natural that the Doctor's green car should be at the station, the Doctor himself, alert and keen-eyed, on the platform. Her face, white and a little tired, beneath the pink-trimmed hat, told him there was something wrong, but his was the true sympathy which is content to bide its time and ask no questions. Only when he dropped her at the little white garden-gate he held her hand in his and looked searchingly into her face.

"I'm coming round after dinner, Miss Meg—your mother asked me—and if you haven't borrowed a little colour from the roses, I shall have to prescribe some fearsome drugs from my store."

Meg's smile was a tremulous affair, and as Dr. Giles turned down the lane to the village, the desire for mortal conflict was once again strong within him.

The sun was setting behind the firs in the garden as Dr. Giles crossed the lawn to the green wooden seat where Meg sat awaiting him. Her hands were folded in her lap; her head drooped a little; the pink in her cheeks was faint as that of the soft voile frock she wore. There was about her an air of listlessness not unmixed with serenity; she had the rapt look of one who has gone through many waters clinging to a frail support, and sees at last a sure haven within her reach.

She smiled up at the Doctor gamely, her brown eyes full of gratitude.

"You want another cushion." He disappeared into the drawing-room through an open French window, to return with a plump pink cushion, which he tucked carefully behind Meg's back.

"You're always so good to me," she said. There was something very sure and dependable about Dr. Giles; his keen, kindly eyes invited sympathy; there was healing in every line of his intent, clever face. He compelled confidence, and Meg gave it. Hesitatingly at first, she poured out her story, her eyes downcast, a little quiver of agitation in her clear, soft voice.

"He didn't mean any harm—it was simply his way," she finished. "Only I never met a Terence before, and—and I endowed him with all the qualities I wanted him to possess, and it hurt when I found he didn't possess them."

"I know." Dr. Giles bent forward, his hands lightly clasped, his grey eyes brooding between anger and tolerance. He *had* met many Terences, and he knew that, shattering though their career may be, life would be a dull affair without them. Besides, he had had his *mauvais quart d'heure*, and Beryl sounded far from attractive.

"I think it was the khaki," Meg pursued in a tone of reminiscence. "He was a soldier, and I couldn't refuse. But I ought to have known—it was glamour, not love."

She raised her flushed face shyly, a little wistfully. The sun's dying rays turned her hair to lambent gold; it was not in mortal man to resist the shining glory of her eyes.

Dr. Giles' hands closed over hers as they lay on her lap; all the pent-up love of weary months of waiting rang in his voice.

"I'm not a soldier, Meg; there's no glamour of khaki, but I love you, dear. If you'll marry me, I shall have nothing left in the world to long for. I think I've always loved you—ever since I saw you first."

"And I, you, only I didn't know it," whispered Meg, and as his arms went round her peace stole into her heart. They were strong arms, and very tender, sheltering her, even as the fir trees, inky-black against the primrose sky, sheltered the drowsing garden. And as the velvety roses hung their fragrant heads at the first touch of night, Meg drooped her head upon his shoulder, and was content.

# The MAN WHO TAKES LIBERTIES

By A Business Girl.

**Why is it that a girl is so often blamed for permitting a man to take liberties, while the man receives no censure for his familiarity? The following article by a business girl, throws a new light on this question, and urges that the man is at least equally responsible with the girl.**

It is in the modern business office, it seems to me, that the relationship between men and girls is most in need of mending. Here is a fertile soil for the sowing and flourishing of many cheap relationships. I am not speaking, of course, of the superior and high-class offices, though these, too, are not always free from such things. I refer to the average large offices or large factories where hundreds of young men and young girls are daily thrown together more or less intimately. She is a rare girl, nowadays, who has been out in the business world for any length of time and has not had the chance, or seen her companions have the chance, for flirtations and chance friendships with men.

If you care to see the same thing in concentrated essence, go to almost any summer place of amusement, or take a summer's evening walk in almost any large city park. There is plenty of it, too, as a rule, in small country towns.

I feel sure that the blame should not be laid so much on any particular locality as on the idea—very widespread—that it is the girl who is to blame. The sons and brothers hear it from us and take their cue.

Though I have always had a good many men friends, yet since my childhood I have been a girls' girl, too, and among the many I know well, this question, it seems to me, is for ever cropping up.

Only I rebel against laying all the blame on the girls, unless I admit for once and for all that the men are nothing but a set of weaklings. This I decline to believe.

There are plenty of cases where it seems to me that the men are very decidedly to blame, even while we cling to and reiterate the old belief that it all depends on the girl; I mean such cases as arise between a business man and the younger and more inexperienced girl who works in his office.

Flirtations between men and girls are only too common in public parks and other places of amusement beloved of young people.

I have in mind a very fine type of girl of twenty-one—I shall call her Margaret. She was confidential secretary to a business man of forty, a married man of position and large affairs. Before she took this position Margaret had lived a meagre, deprived life. Before she knew it she had fallen in love with her employer. He is a fascinating man. Perhaps under all the circumstances it was a natural thing for her to do. But she is the kind of girl to go to her death before admitting it.

The man, however, must have guessed; or he, too, with however little right, may have fallen in love with her. I do not know as to that. What I do know is that he put her through a hundred tests, renewing them, day by day, and even the final test, at last, of telling her how essential she was to his happiness.

An invalid mother is entirely dependent on this girl. She was therefore unable, for the time being, to give up her position. Added to the strain of home difficulties was the daily strain and test to which she was subjected in her work. It amounted really to a fine kind of torture.

All this she stood in a way to make one proud; she never so much as touched with the tips of her fingers the companionship he not only offered, but begged to be allowed to give.

Well, it makes very noble stuff of some girls, an experience of this sort, when they triumph over it, but at what might be said to be an awful sacrifice of the manliness of men.

And I know another private secretary, a good deal older this time in years. She had always led a sheltered, inexperienced life.

"I am just an old child," she used to say to me. She fell hopelessly in love, as such a young and intense nature can, with her employer—a young man socially above her. He was engaged to a woman of his own class. He was going away to meet his *fiancée* at some fashionable summer resort and came to bid this woman good-bye.

"Don't ask me why I've been such a fool as to fall in love with him," she said, telling me of it later. "I don't know! Sometimes I think it would never have been if it hadn't been for his telling me how very much I meant to him, and kissing me good-bye."

"He kissed you!" I said in amazement.

"I know! I know!" she said bitterly. "I deserve anything you can say to me! I shouldn't ever have *allowed him!*"

No: of course not. Who would doubt it? Only, I sicken a little at hearing nothing at all of what the young man allowed himself!

I had lunch the other day with one of the nicest and brightest girls I know. She had only just gone into the business world, and had been two weeks in her first position. I had not had a chance before to ask her how she was getting on.

"Well, how do you like your work Helen?"

"Oh, I like it very much."

She put her head on one side a little speculatively and unfolded her napkin; then she looked up brightly and laughed.

"But I tell you, Jean, I think we ought to be told before we go there. It would save us such a lot of shocks. When you've been brought up as I was, I mean. Now, if anyone had ever told me that *any* man would stand beside *my* chair and lay an affectionate hand on *my* shoulder! Oh, well, it was awfully funny, but, dear me!"

"But what on earth did you do?" said I.

"Put him in his place!" she answered with bright satisfaction.

But only think of having to do it!

The men I have just cited, and hundreds of their type, can, of course, be put in their place by certain fine, strong types of girl, and very easily and successfully kept there.

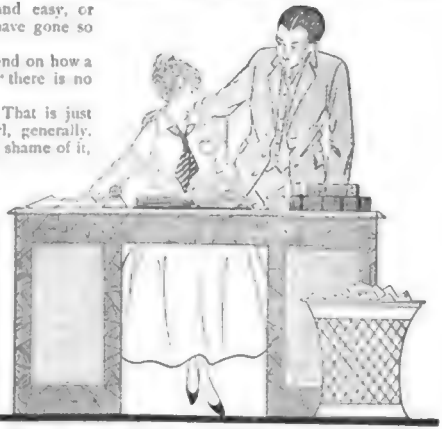
Again, there is hardly a girl of fine ideals, I believe, who reads this, who will not have the tendency to think that in the behaviour of these three girls whom I have quoted—even the last one—there must have been something a little bit wrong, a little bit inviting, something almost

The girl who allowed an engaged man to kiss her in farewell, permitted a liberty, but surely the man was equally to blame for taking it?

unconsciously a tiny bit free and easy, or surely the men would never have gone so far.

"It really does, after all, depend on how a girl behaves herself," we say; "there is no denying that."

No; there is no denying it. That is just it. It does depend on the girl, generally. And there is precisely the whole shame of it, it seems to me, or what should be the shame of it, to the men.



The type of young man who lays an affectionate hand on a girl's shoulder can usually be put in his place, but it is to the man's discredit that the necessity for doing so should arise.

Then, when I have gone so far as to say this, I feel like turning direct to the men and speaking straight to them:

Are you going to keep right on, I wonder, as you have so long gone on, you young men, treating us girls to tawdry behaviour or to gallant homage, according to the girl? Will you keep on laying blame or praise for your behaviour on the weaker sex? When your mothers repeat the stupid old phrase that a girl can have pretty much the sort of behaviour that she wants of a man, are you going to continue to give her your quick agreement.

Will you change colours like a chameleon, being cheap with a cheap type of woman and dignified and respectful with the dignified? Because a cheap girl permits you liberties, will you take them, and because another denies you these, will you respect yourselves and her? Will you continue to shirk your responsibility? Or will you meet it—not only your own, but hers a little, perhaps; and protect her if there is need—and there sometimes is—against herself?

If any liberties she has permitted you to take were detailed here for the whole world to judge, you know, of course, that by nearly all men and women it is she, not you, who would be blamed, and who would suffer for them. Is this endurable to you, I wonder? You realise, I suppose, that the real reason the woman is blamed and the man is not, is that the man is not thought to be responsible, not really accountable in this relation?

I shall be thought inconsistent. I have been inveighing against blaming the woman for the faulty or careless behaviour of men; yet I find myself saying at the last that doubtless, after all, it *is* the fault of the women — not of the women, however, to whom the men offer familiarities, but the fault of the mothers who have brought up the men who offer them.

I cannot help thinking that it is mainly the mothers who have kept up the old tradition. I believe most mothers who are careful of their daughters teach them that they can have pretty much the kind of behaviour they ask of a man, but it is not one mother out of ten, I am sure, who instils into her son from the beginning that he can have the kind of behaviour he wants of a girl, and sees to it with all her soul that he wants only the best.

I do not mean, of course, to include all mothers and all men in this. I know certain splendid, level-headed, determined young men who seem to be able to make me feel comfortably like the weaker sex, and I have no doubt that that delightful ability is due largely to their mothers' training. But these are, I am bound to confess, the exception, rather than the rule.

Most mothers, I believe, sending their sons and daughters into the world are likely to have little apprehension as to the girls if they have been carefully brought up; but nearly every mother, I am sure, will think of her sons as weaker than her daughters, and will hope a little wistfully that no woman of the wrong sort will tempt them away from good and dignified behaviour; and we sisters feel anxious about our brothers in the same way. Yet it is precisely their good and dignified behaviour that we and our mothers have undermined by the old harmful theory that the girl and not the man is to blame.

# "COLD FEET"

By L. G. Sandford.

*"Never the lotus closes, never the wild fowl wake,*
*But a soul goes out on the East wind that died for England's sake."*

An orderly appeared at the door, or rather the doorway, for the old barn had lost its door long ago.

"The Adjutant wants to speak to an officer on the telephone, sir," he said.

I went to the telephone.

"There's 'a Cook's tourist' on his way to your Mess," said the Adjutant. "He is to be attached to you for ten days; be kind to him." Then he added, after a pause: "You should have some fun, for he seems to suffer from 'cold feet.'"

By way of explanation, I might mention that "a Cook's Tourist" is the name we usually applied to young officers sent out by the War Office to the Western Front for a fortnight or so as a part of their course of instruction.

Five minutes later, a pale-faced youth of about eighteen arrived, and introduced himself to the Major.

"I am Second-Lieutenant Reggie Wakefield, sir, a young officer attached to your battery for instruction," he said.

After hearing this pretty little speech, we all found it impossible to call him anything but "Reggie," and, when we did so, Reggie did not seem the least bit surprised at our familiarity. I asked him if he would like a wash before lunch. He said that he would, so taking him along to my dug-out I had his Wolseley valise, which was on a cart outside, dumped on the ground beside my own, and sent my servant to get some water for him. Telling him that he would find lunch ready at the Mess, I left him and returned to the old barn, which was our Mess.

"I did not expect to arrive at the firing line to-day, so I hadn't put on my shield," said Reggie when he reappeared. "I feel safer now though, as I have just put it on."

"Put what on?" asked the Major.

"My shield," said Reggie.

"Don't know what you mean," the Major returned curtly.

Reggie undid a couple of the buttons of his coat and showed us a steel waistcoat.

"Don't you all wear one of these?" he asked.

"Never seen one before," we all replied together.

"I would no more think of being without this," he said emphatically, "than I would think of crossing the Channel without a life-belt on."

We were beginning to take an interest in this youth, for he was quite different to the previous "Cook's Tourists" whom we had had attached. They had all been anything but interesting.

As we sat down to our lunch of bully beef and cold roast beef, Reggie looked round the barn nervously. There were one or two holes in the wall caused by small shells, and they seemed to interest him very much. The bullet marks on the wall opposite the door also attracted his attention, for we were very close to the German front line, and bullets came over daily.

"Have you a cellar here, sir?" he asked suddenly.

"No," said the Major, "everything was cleared out by the Huns before we capiured this bit of line. However, we have some whisky or some 'ration' lime-juice. Which will you have?"

"I didn't mean a wine cellar," said Reggie. "I thought a cellar would be a safe place to have meals in."

II.

That afternoon, Reggie accompanied Bernard—one of our subs—to the Observing Station, as he was relieving Edwards, who had just spent twenty-four hours there. We subalterns usually do twenty-four hours at a time, taking it in turns. Occasionally Pembroke, the Captain, took a turn, though, of course, his duties were mainly at the waggon lines, a couple of miles back. In the trenches on the way to the Observing Station every time that Reggie heard a bullet whiz overhead he bobbed his head, and when he heard some shells bursting about 300 yards away Bernard thought he was going to faint.

Our Observing Station was a ruined house just in front of our support trench, and about one hundred and fifty yards behind the front line trench. The ruin was in a hollow, with only the top visible to the Germans in their trenches, and this was perhaps the reason why it had not long ago been brought completely to the ground, for it was possibly not quite so conspicuous an Observing Station as we sometimes imagined.

Below the ruin there was a very comfortable cellar, which was used by the signallers with their telephones. A few sandbags divided off a small place where the Observing Officer had his meals and slept at night. From the cellar a ladder led up the wall of the ruin to a platform where, looking with field-glasses through a small hole, we had an excellent view of the piece of German territory allotted to our Battery.

On arriving at the Observing Station, before Bernard had an opportunity of introducing Reggie to Edwards, whom he was relieving, the newcomer threw himself down on a box with a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness we have arrived. We have had some terribly narrow shaves on the way here!" he exclaimed.

Bernard said that he was just going to remark how quiet things were.

Leaving Reggie below, Bernard and Edwards climbed to the platform, in order that Edwards might point out some new parapets the Germans had made.

"What is the matter with the youth?" said Edwards. "Has he got 'cold feet'?"

"Looks like it," was the reply.

"We will ring off some scares on him at the Battery to-night," Edwards promised cheerfully.

"I wish I could be there," sighed his companion.

"Well, I must be going now," declared Edwards, when he had shown Bernard what was necessary. "I'll send Reggie up to you, and you can show him the Front."

"You had better wait for a few minutes," said Bernard, "then you will be able to hold him by the hand as you go back to the Battery or he might get lost."

Reggie saw the hole he was to look through, and he went quite pale.

"I don't like that; a bullet could easily come through there. I had no idea it was so dangerous out here," he observed uneasily.

"Yes, it is dangerous," said Bernard sarcastically. "Several people have been injured. Perhaps you have read about it in the papers?"

Reggie soon conquered his fear, however, and had a look through the hole. He got so interested that he forgot to be frightened, and wanted to look over the top of the wall, which was only a couple of feet higher up, but Bernard just managed to pull him down in time. Edwards down below was getting impatient, and called to Reggie to hurry if he wanted to go back with him.

There was no doubt that Reggie was very glad to get away, yet just as he was leaving he said, much to Bernard's amusement: "Don't you think it rotten of us to leave you in a place like this? I feel an awful cad. I am going to ask the Major if he will let me take one or two spells up here to relieve you fellows. I feel sure I could control the fire of the Battery quite well."

"The kid is not as bad as I thought," said Bernard to himself after Edwards and Reggie had gone. Bernard was twenty years of age, and it is usual at that age to refer to boys of nineteen as "kids."

That night we gave Reggie about the worst hour or two that he had ever experienced. We did all that we could to frighten him, and I think we were pretty successful. The chief joke of the evening was just as we sat down to dinner, when an orderly bringing in a message handed it to the Major and then retired.

"I wonder what this is," said the Major, tearing open the envelope and unfolding the message form. "By Jove!" he added, "this looks bad. I wonder if we have time to get some more ammunition up before the band starts to play."

He then passed the message on to Pembroke, who read it with raised eyebrows, and passed it to Edwards.

Edwards passed the message to me, and I read it. It was addressed to the Major, and was supposed to have come from our Divisional Headquarters, although the writing looked suspiciously like that of the Major himself. It read as follows:

Royal Flying Corps report that large numbers of Germans are massing in front of the Division on our right. The enemy's strength at this point is estimated at, at least, two Army Corps. An attack is

expected. If the enemy should make any progress at the point he attacks, everything will depend upon this Division holding its ground. The attack will probably take place just before dawn, but be ready for it at anytime and place.

The General has every confidence that this Division will act in a manner worthy of its past records.

"They seem to know our weakest spot," said the Major; "only this afternoon the General told me that it was the one place in the line that the Great Ones at G.H.Q. were not satisfied with. Our General did not seem to think that there is the slightest chance of holding the Germans back should they attack there. I suppose all we can do now is to wait and get it where the chicken got the axe. Edwards, you had better send word down to the waggon line, telling them to be ready to send up more ammunition, should we need it. Also, warn the gunners to be ready for immediate action."

As Edwards left the room, I handed the message to Reggie, remarking that perhaps he would like to read it.

When Reggie had read the message, he seemed to lose completely the little appetite he had left, and for a time did not eat anything at all. However, he seemed to think we might notice this, so put up quite a plucky fight, and managed to swallow much more than he really wanted. We kept up our part until bed-time, then saying "Good-night, sir," to the Major, who remained behind, we went to our dug-outs.

Reggie was surprised that we should think of turning in with a great attack imminent. Before leaving the Mess, he drew himself up to his full five feet six inches and said heroically:

"We will show the Teuton hordes that we are soldiers. I, for one, will die before I surrender to them, and I expect you fellows will do the same."

"Rather!" said Pembroke and I together, and Pembroke winked at me.

I went back to the Mess to get my pipe a few minutes later, and found the Major still there.

"I believe we have made a mistake in that lad," he said, "and I'm sorry that we ragged him."

III.

Reggie was soon to experience an actual attack, for one took place only three days after he joined us. There was no sign of trouble until a heavy shell fire was opened upon our front, support, and communication trenches.

Six-inch Jack Johnsons were directed on to our Observing Station, and it was obvious to anybody seeing those big shells bursting that one direct hit on the ruin would not leave much standing.

Captain Pembroke was our Observing Officer for that day, and it was not long before he had our battery, like others along the line, replying on the German trenches. On the previous day, when Pembroke had relieved me at the Observing Station, Reggie had accompanied him, and was spending twenty-four hours there.

"How do you like Fritz in a hostile mood?" asked Pembroke.

Reggie made no reply, for he was gazing with wide-open eyes at the cloud of smoke the last Jack Johnson had made.

The words were barely uttered when a shell, bursting against the front wall, brought the whole building down, leaving nothing but a pile of *débris* upon the cellar roof.

Pembroke was killed outright, and Reggie was thrown clear of the building, receiving a couple of splinters in his shoulder and a fractured ankle. Except for a small opening between a couple of beams, too small for a man to get through, the two signallers were for the time being cut off from the outside world.

Fortunately, as he was on the ground Reggie could not be seen by the Germans, who, having brought down the ruin, now switched the howitzer on to a new target.

A quick glance showed Reggie that everything now depended on him.

"Are you still in communication with the Battery?" he yelled down the opening to the signallers.

"Yes, sir," came the reply.

"Pass me an instrument, then, and run out the wire as I pull. I am going forward to observe."

The signallers did as directed, and Reggie, bleeding in two places, dragged his fractured ankle after him as he crawled forward.

He had to go about one hundred yards before he could get a good view of what was happening. He did it in spite of his wounds, and was soon sending his orders down to us at the Battery.

"All guns drop one hundred. Number three, five minutes more right. Number one, add two five yards. Correcter one five four," and so on.

At the Battery we did not know what had happened, but as long as the orders came through properly all seemed well, for we had the utmost confidence in Pembroke, who we believed, was still controlling the fire.

The Major, following his usual custom when a heavy fire was on, had gone to the trenches to take over control from Pembroke, but, as he had over a mile of trenches to go along, it would be some time before he

Reggie saw that his only chance was to lie flat, face downwards, as though dead, and to hide the telephone from view. . . . The Germans came on, taking little or no notice of the outstretched figure. [Page 544, col. 1.]

arrived at the ruins of the Observing Station. Edwards and I were left in charge of the guns.

When the Germans lifted their fire from the front trenches, which they had almost completely smashed in, and our troops opened up a heavy rifle and machine-gun fire, we knew that the infantry attack had begun. By weight of numbers our front trench was soon captured, and our men either killed or driven into the communication trenches. The Germans were unable to make headway along the communication trenches, though, and to those who could see what was going on it appeared that they would make no more progress.

There was only one spot where it was possible that they might get over the open ground without being mowed down by our infantry, and that was across the piece of ground where our Observing Station had stood. Owing to the dip previously mentioned, this particular spot was not under the fire of the men in our support trench.

While the attack was on, Reggie continued to give his orders, and, although he kept four of the guns still firing along the German front line, to prevent support coming over, he brought the fire of two of the guns to bear on the trench the Germans had captured, which was not more than fifty yards in front of where he was lying.

It was not long before the Germans saw wherein lay their only opportunity of advancing, and they lost no time in making up their minds. They swarmed out of the captured trench, across the ground where Reggie lay, towards the support lines.

Reggie saw that his only chance was to lie flat, face downwards, as though dead, and to hide the telephone from view. A bush close to him formed the necessary cover for the instrument, so, with arm outstretched, he kept his finger on the buzzer key. There was little danger of the wire attracting particular attention, for telephone wire is always plentiful in the neighbourhood of the trenches.

The Germans came on, taking little or no notice of the outstretched figure, for soldiers in a charge have little time to think of either friend or foe who is down. The crack of musketry, rattle of machine-guns, and roar of bursting shells—all helped to drown the sound of the buzzer which continued to transmit the messages.

Reggie knew well that if he again shortened the range, so as to burst the shells on the enemy charging past him, he himself would certainly be killed. He could also see that by doing so he was sure to break the charge in the one spot where it was impossible for our infantry to deal with it.

Reggie did not hesitate. His last order was buzzed through, and we at the guns acted upon it.

The shells burst well, and the few men who were able to get through this hail of lead were easily dealt with by the infantry in the trench. Therefore the attack broke down.

Our Major, by this time, had reached a spot where he could see what was going on, and, with a telephone tapped into one of the wires leading to the flattery, took control of the fire. Our infantry, with supports who had just arrived, had the chance they wanted. They rallied and recaptured all the lost ground.

Later, when things quietened, Reggie was picked up dead. He had over thirty wounds in him from the guns to which he had given the orders.

A V.C. was never more deservedly won than the *post-mortem* one awarded to Reggie three months later, but this did not help to make any of us who had ragged him about his "cold feet" feel any the less ashamed of ourselves.


*"SEND US THE 'ROYAL'!"*

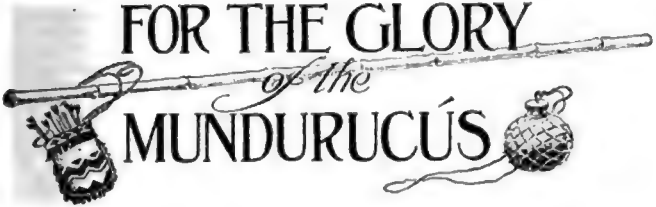
*"I need not tell you how fond of the ROYAL we are out here, and we certainly do revel in your theatrical features."*

*This is only one of the many appreciative comments of the fighting men who look to the ROYAL to cheer up their dull moments, and to you to see that they get it.*

*Your part is so simple. Just hand as many copies of the ROYAL as you can collect over the counter at any post-office. They must be clean and in good condition, but without wrapping of any kind. They cannot be sent to any particular soldier or sailor, but will be distributed among the troops to the very best advantage.*

*"Tommy's" leisure is often of the spasmodic order, and that's why short stories and brief, breezy articles are the very thing for him. He will fight twice as well if he is in good spirits, so—well, it's up to you, isn't it?*

# FOR THE GLORY of the MUNDURUCÚS



By Helen Prothero Lewis.

*"They pass, and smile, the children of the sword,*
*No more the sword they wield:*
*And oh! how deep the corn*
*Along the battle-field!"*

I.

Sheltered from the burning rays of the sun by the long, velvety-green leaves of a banana tree, dusky-skinned Oria was busily engaged in scraping the root of the mandioc, for the bread of the tribe. Around her lay the scattered huts of the village, backed by the food plantations. Ringing these round was the towering green wall of the vast Amazonian forest, of which no Mundurucú knew either the beginning or the end.

Presently a shadow fell across her feet. A sidelong glance showed her that a young man had drawn near, and stood in the blazing sunshine watching her, eyes aglow with admiration. It was Luruli, one of the handsomest youths in the village. He had just reached manhood. To-morrow his courage and powers of endurance would be put to the test. If he passed, he would be a warrior, and could take unto himself a wife.

These were circumstances that made him an object of interest to the Mundurucú maidens. Nevertheless, Oria feigned not to have observed him. Strenuously she scraped the root against the sharp stone points set in the board in front of her, as though bread-making were her sole concern. She was a coquette. It was believed that in some former life she had been a Uirá-Pará, the gay, wicked little bird which first fascinates a male, and then leads him a weary dance through the forest, only to disappear in the end. All the young male Mundurucús knew that to win her would be a difficult matter.

She was very beautiful. Luruli, though angered by her seeming indifference, could not tear himself away. And she, knowing this, put herself into attitudes so alluring that his heart burnt with love and longing.

Leisurely she finished grinding the root. Then looking up, she exclaimed: "Thou art there, Luruli! And why that face, like a cloud in the heavens? Is it that thou dreadest the test of to-morrow?"

The young man stretched out to her a magnificent pair of copper-brown arms. "See," he said, "they are hard and strong as saplings; I hope to endure. But it is a foolish test, Oria—a waste of pain, a waste of courage. Did not the white man say so, he who came by the Big River, a year ago? Why should a man let his flesh be uselessly torn by hundreds of little red devils? How does that make a warrior?"

"Did not the Pajé say white man very bad companion for Mundurucú, and lead him away from good old paths into soft ones that will weaken and destroy?" asked Oria rebukingly. "Let the little red devils do their worst to thee. It is fine training for a warrior."

"And if I smile throughout, what shall the reward of Luruli be?" asked the youth, stepping nearer.

"A true warrior asks for no reward," answered Oria. "He seeks only to be brave and do great things for the glory of the Mundurucús. Still, for such a one"—her eye suddenly melted as she gazed at him—"there would be reward," she finished softly.

Luruli pressed closer. "Oria," he said eagerly, "dost thou love me? The little red devils may pierce me to the bone if only I could know that afterwards thou wouldst be mine."

He had made too close an approach. Instantly Oria became the Uirá-Pará bird. She took up another mandioc root and began to scrape, her head on one side, her black eyes glittering wickedly. "So also hath Tabalinga said to me," she observed coolly. "I

think he will endure. He hath promised to my parents much meat, and maize sufficient for the winter, if I consent to be his wife. There is much to be said in favour of Tabalinga."

The young man winced as if he had received a blow. Then, with a cry of rage, he turned on his heel and left his tormentor.

There was great stir in the village throughout that day. The test of the young males on the morrow was to be followed by a grand celebration of the event, which was to include a "drink"—not an ordinary drink, but a memorable affair. The order had gone forth—they were to get drunk like the white man. Casks of rum had been obtained at great cost, and from various roots vast quantities of fiery spirit had been distilled, guaranteed to produce a fine frenzy of delirium. Already, in anticipation, the blood ran riotously in the veins of the Mundurucús.

To add to the excitement, late in the evening a runner came in from the forest with infuriating news. The Aráras had begun again their predatory raids. A hunting-party of Mundurucús had fallen beneath their poisoned arrows. All the hard-won game was in the hands of the enemy.

The warriors yelled threats of hideous vengeance when they heard this.

How dared they, an inferior people, with no settled habitations, no food plantations, no body-coverings, how dared they steal the game of the respectable Mundurucús?

The Chief, squatting on the floor of his hut, beneath which his predecessor lay honourably interred in a big clay jar, held council with his greatest warriors, and decided that, as soon as the "big drink" was over, they would seek out the insolent foe and slay him.

The day of the test arrived, the test of the fire-ant, the great trial of a young man's powers of endurance. At the appointed hour the drums began to beat, and the candidates for warriorship ranged themselves in long lines before the Chief.

The fire-ants were ready in their jars, millions of them, brought from sandy places for the test—little red devils, most terrible of all the pests of the equatorial world. Directly they touch the flesh they grip it with mandibles that never again relax their hold, double in their tails, and sting with all their might. Each sting is as the puncture of a red hot needle. The pain, and the fever induced by the poison, sends some men mad.

It was the duty of the warriors to apply the torture. A big hollow tube was slipped over the arms of the candidates, and into the tube a stream of fire-ants was poured. When filled to overflowing, the tube was sealed up at both ends.

The warriors were quick. Soon all the tubes were filled and sealed, the imprisoned and furious ants had set to work, and the torture had begun. In the scorching heat of the midday sun, with thousands of little red devils unceasingly puncturing their quivering flesh, the candidates, in pairs, had to make the round of the village, dancing, singing, a smile upon the lips, before each hut—and woe to the youth who betrayed the faintest sign of suffering. The eyes of the warriors would mark him unfit for battle. Never would he be allowed to go forth to war. His place would be at home with the women. It was complete disgrace.

By an unhappy chance Luruli and Tabalinga were paired together. To Luruli, the close presence of his rival was maddening. He could have killed Tabalinga for smiling so persistently. He hated the little red devils fiendishly at work on his flesh with a hatred delirious in its intensity. He said to himself rebelliously, that the test was a waste of pain, a waste of courage, and the Chief ought to make an end of it.

Nevertheless, outwardly he was submissive. As he danced and sang, the smile on his face equalled that of Tabalinga. Hut after hut was passed, and not a twitch of a muscle betrayed that he was suffering. In silence the warriors watched. The drums had ceased to beat. Over the forest lay the hush of equatorial midday.

With his hated companion Luruli reached the hut of Oria. It was of bamboo, rectangular in shape, open at front and sides, and thatched with palm leaves. Oria stood on its threshold, beautiful beyond compare, in a short petticoat of cotton web, dyed a vivid blue, and necklaces of scarlet beans hanging in rows to her waist. Her dusky hair trailed in snake-locks to her knees, her head was wreathed with the gorgeous gold and purple blossoms of the trumpet flower.

Tabalinga gave a great leap when he reached her. Luruli leapt higher. In the maddest of dances sped round Tabalinga. Luruli followed with a dance even madder. Tabalinga sang his song. Luruli followed with his, which for days he had been rehearsing, a song he knew to be far superior to that of the ape and fool, Tabalinga.

As the wild flowers of the forest thou art beautiful, Oria, and thy voice as the sound of the waterfall.
In my dreams I behold thee, thy lovely limbs, thy shining teeth, thy floating hair.
Behold me, Oria, see me laughing, singing, leaping, treating as nothing the fire, the pain.
Shall I not make fine warrior, Oria?
Turn and look at me, let thy loved eyes rest upon me; see, I smile at thee, Oria——

He came to an abrupt stop just as he was about to take a magnificent leap. Oria was not looking at him. Her eyes were unjustly fixed on Tabalinga, whose turn was over. She was smiling at him as though Luruli did not exist.

All life and heart went out of the wounded lover. For a moment he stood stock still, as though turned into stone. Then a frenzy seized him. Since Oria would not watch him so bravely enduring, then he would not endure. He gave a yell, in which rage and pain blended, and beat his arms together until the tubes broke, and the fire-ants fell in showers to the ground.

The next moment he was gazing down at the scurrying ants, appalled himself by what he had done. Oria had uttered a sharp cry. She stood now with her back to him, her hands covering her eyes. The warriors stared, scornful and amazed. His heart sank and sank. He knew that the mad outbreak of a moment had cost him his future. Of no use to protest he was not a coward; he had failed to endure, he had spilt the torment to the ground.

Never now would he go forth to battle with the warriors of his tribe. His despicable place would be at home, with the women. And Oria, loved, beautiful Oria, would be the bride of the hated Tabalinga.

II.

With the cool of the evening the hush of the forest lifted, and the uproar and din of wild animal life began. It was the signal for the Grand Celebration to open. The drums and pipes joined their pandemonium to the roars, and howls, and shrieks, and cacklings, the bonfires were lit, the meats were put to roast on huge skewers, the birds were dropped into the hanging pots to boil. Lastly, the jars of fiery spirit were burst open, and the feasting began.

In none of it could Luruli join. He sat, disgraced and alone, in his hut, watching with sullen eyes the universal merrymaking, and plucking savagely from his burning arms the tenacious claws of the fire-ants still embedded in his flesh.

Hour after hour the fun and the feasting went on. Luruli could see all that passed. First, the procession of looking-glasses, in which the warriors went by, resplendent in fringed skins, head-dresses of the plumes of toucan and macaw, feathered cinctures round wrists and ankles, and necklaces of teeth of wild beasts. Each man had a partner. The ape, Tabalinga, his face striped with the lines that marked him warrior, led Oria by the hand. Together they peered into the one little precious scrap of looking-glass, and pranced and strutted.

Later came the mimicry of animals. The fool, Tabalinga, in skin of tapir, grazing with long snout of india-rubber, won roars of approval. In the masked dance that followed, the mask of Tabalinga, more hideous than any, again won the plaudits of the tribe.

Throughout the night, throughout the day that followed, the orgy went on. Luruli, watching it, longed to die. At length both the fiery spirit and the capacity to drink came to an end. The warriors lay in drunken stupor on the ground. Night fell. The village was still. Only one man was stirring, the Pajé, medicine-man and priest. Terrible of aspect in his towering head-dress and skin of jaguar, hung round with dead bats and snakes and frogs, he entered the hut of Luruli.

Seating himself, he stared hard at the disgraced man.

"Thou couldst not endure?" he asked.

Luruli sullenly maintained silence.

The Pajé produced a monstrous pipe, on which mysterious symbols figured.

"I will tell thee why," he said presently; "thou art not coward, but the worm of the white man hath eaten into thy heart. No man with that worm inside him can ever make good warrior. It turns the blood, so that he cannot endure, and will not obey, and cares not for the glory of his tribe. Kneel, and I will rid thee of that worm."

Shudderingly Luruli knelt. Had he indeed that worm?

The Pajé blew hard into his monstrous pipe. Great clouds of smoke arose shutting him out from Luruli's vision. Then suddenly the young man felt a piercing pain in his breast. The smoke cleared away. In front of him, illumined by the bonfires without, stood the Pajé, holding in his outstretched palm a long, hideous white worm.

"Kill it," shrieked Luruli, "kill it, lest it enter me again!"

The Pajé dropped it into his pouch. "It can never enter thee again," he said solemnly; "thou art cured, Luruli, and will yet do great things for the glory of the Mundurucús."

With a stately step he went out. In the sacred privacy of his own hut he ate the worm. It was only the succulent root of a fantastic plant. But never again would Luruli rebel or fail to endure. The Pajé knew how to play on the minds of men.

Then softly out of the forest crept dark shadowy forms. Quietly they rifled the food plantations, set poison in bowls before the live-stock, and, emboldened by the stillness, dared to creep close to an outlying hut, peeped, saw sleeping therein a beautiful and unguarded maiden, and marked her for their own.

Suddenly a babel of women's voices arose. "The Aráras, the Aráras!" they screamed.

The prostrate warriors sprang to their feet, only to flounder down again, too heavy with drink to stand. Helplessly they gnashed their teeth, maddened to think that the enemy could have caught them at so great a disadvantage.

A woman ran into their midst. "They have gone," she cried, addressing the Chief, "but they have carried off Oria."

The Chief uttered cries of helpless rage. How dared so low a people play this trick on the respectable Mundurucús?

A fierce hand grasped the woman by the arm. "Didst thou say it was Oria?" asked an imperious voice.

It was Luruli.

"Yes, Oria," wailed the woman. "They have carried her off into the forest; never shall we see Oria again. There is no man who can stand on his legs to go after her, save the Pajé, who cannot fight."

"But I can," said Luruli.

Derisive shouts went up from the drunken warriors. "The fire-flies of the forest might bite thee," jeered one.

Luruli stepped up in front of the prostrate Chief. His head was held high, his bearing was dignified. "I go," he said, "to the rescue of Oria. Alone I will go, and without her, I will not come back alive. But if I die, say it of me: "'He gave his life for the glory of the Mundurucús.'"

Then he sped back to his hut. Hastily he equipped himself with his blow-gun, his quiver, his gourd of silk-cotton, and the receptacle which held the poison for his darts. Then, nosing the ground, he tracked the enemy to one of the innumerable waterways intersecting the mighty forest.

Evidently the enemy had taken this waterway, for some of the boats moored there were gone. But there were plenty left. The Aráras, always impudent, had presumed on leaving behind them warriors too drunk to pursue. Luruli leapt into one, and guided by the faint star-light paddled up stream.

III.

It was very lonely when the forest closed in around him and he reached the region of the swamps. A faint, unholy light emanated from the water, else he could never have seen to steer past the labyrinthine thickets of the mangrove, whose arching roots, covered with crawling reptiles, struck down into the slime, and formed caverns high as his head. Close by, in the thick forest, above the din of the howling-monkeys, he could hear the blood-curdling "Hough" of the jaguar; it seemed to follow him; once he thought he could distinguish a dark form gliding along the bank, but doggedly he pressed on.

At length he shot out of the Inferno of the mangroves into clear reaches, and found that day had dawned. Hour after hour he paddled on.

He was searching the green walls of the forest on either side for a sign. Presently he gave a low cry. Drifting about the stream were the stolen boats, ablaze. Somewhere near this spot the Aráras had landed.

He sought for a likely landing place, moored his craft, and following a narrow hunter's track, entered the forest, the vast, enc.antingly beautiful Brazilian forest, whose confines were a mystery beyond mortal ken.

For miles he carefully followed the track, yet did not come upon the enemy. Still he pressed on, until at a turn, he found himself confronted by a huge Tárarácas, the fatally-poisonous triangular-headed snake, that will attack a man without provocation. Leaping aside, he dashed into the midst of the forest, tearing his way through the gigantic loops and cords of the woody lianas, and the festoons of gorgeous blossom that barred the way.

Suddenly he pulled up; he saw at his feet a scarlet bean, dropped, he knew at once, from the necklaces of Oria. Again he nosed the ground. Further on he saw another. Ah! the Spirit of the forest had helped him, and sent the snake to turn him aside, so that he might find Oria.

Silent himself as a snake, he glided along. Sooner than he looked for he was upon the enemy. A tree parasite screened him, but through its cascades of bloom, hanging from the branches above, he could see groups of dark recumbent figures scattered beneath the trees, and Oria, bound hand and foot, in their midst. But how, in the face of such fearful odds, could be rescue her?

It was high noon. In the vaporous heat the forest was still as a temple. The wild creatures slept. Did the Aráras also sleep, or were they only resting? He watched them breathlessly. They did not move. Inconceivable luck, they slept! They never dreamt that amongst the Mundurucús there could be, after so great a feast, one who was not drunk.

Noiselessly he dipped his darts in the poison he carried, and made ready his blow-gun. Then very cautiously he stepped forth from behind his flowery screen. At once Oria saw him. By signs and gestures he questioned her. The Aráras were asleep, but he must be soundless.

He reached her, he unbound her, hand in hand they turned to fly. All would have

He gave a yell, in which rage and pain blended, and beat his arms together until the tubes broke, and the fire-ants fell in showers to the ground. The next moment he was gazing down at the scurrying ants, appalled himself by what he had done. [Page 547, col. 1.]

**Alas, Oria could not run as fast as a man! The enemy gained. Luruli turned and lifting his——**

gone well had not Jurupári, spirit of mischief, played a cruel trick. From a towering Brazil-nut tree he dropped one of the seed-vessels, large and round as a cannon-ball. It hit an Arára on the head, broke, and poured the nuts over him in a shower.

He sprang to his feet, saw the flying pair, and with a shout of rage gave chase, closely followed by his awakened companions.

Alas, Oria could not run as fast as a man! The enemy gained. Luruli turned and, lifting his blow-gun to his mouth, with all his force propelled a dart. The deadly little messenger sped true, the foremost Arára fell, pierced to the heart. Later, a second fell, a third, but the numbers were overpowering: in five minutes the chase was over. Bound hand and foot Luruli and Oria stood before their angry captors, huge men, savage of aspect, with red-painted chins, black streaks running from mouth to temple, and evil eyes.

The Aráras chatted with each other, surprised that the Mundurucú man had not been too drunk to follow. Then they noted Luruli's swollen arms and the absence of the stripes that mark the warrior. Light broke in upon them. Here was a man who had failed to pass the test of the fire-ant. He had not been able to endure. They would torture him; he would make fine sport.

They made known to him their intentions. Derisively they promised him that Oria, whom he had striven to rescue, should be set free and allowed to return to her tribe unharmed, if he bore the torture without a groan.

Luruli's eyes blazed. Here would be a great thing to do. "Wilt thou swear it?" he asked.

They swore it to him, by the Spirit of the forest, an oath which the Arára, who lives by the forest, dare not break.

"We shall be safe," they said contemptuously to each other; "our Chief will not be disappointed of the prize we bear to him. There will be fine groans."

Then they gave Luruli particulars. Heavy weights were to be attached to his feet, and he was to be tied by his hands to the high branch of a tree, to hang there, his bones nearly torn from their sockets, till he died.

It was the most excruciating of tortures, a torture of the Inquisition which had found its way to the savage in the Amazonian forest. Luruli's brain reeled at the thought of it. Could he endure? Then he remembered.

——blow-gun to his mouth, with all his force propelled a dart. The deadly little messenger sped true, the foremost Aráras fell, pierced to the heart.

The worm of the white man had left him; he would not fail.

"Do thy worst to me," he said proudly.

But as they led him away he looked at the lovely Oria and a fiercely jealous pang rent him. She would return now to be the bride of the hated Tabalinga. He would be giving her to Tabalinga.

Sooner he would see her the slave of the Aráras and die himself like a coward, shrieking.

But in a moment that fell thought passed. He had to do a great thing, for the glory of the Mundurucús. There must not be a groan.

IV.

The hours passed. Squatting on the grass in a clear space beneath a colossal King tree, the Aráras silently watched the man hanging in agony from the high branch above. They were disconcerted and amazed. There had not been a groan.

Slowly, slowly, the time went by. A great black bird flapped into the open space, perched himself on a stump, and stayed there, hideous of mien. The Aráras looked at each other. It seemed as though the Chief would lose his prize. Not yet a groan! It would not be long now before the end. The bird knew.

Oria painfully dragged herself on bound hands and knees close beneath the tortured one.

"Luruli," she cried brokenly, "know this before thou goest; I love not Tabalinga. Never, never will I give myself to Tabalinga."

Oh, what solace the words brought to the soul of the man hanging in agony on the tree!

"Always, always, I have loved thee," went on the voice of Oria; "at the Test I was but testing thee. When the disgrace came, I could not look at thee for sorrow; and now, as I look at thee, my heart is screaming. For I love thee, Luruli. I would have given myself to thee spite of all."

Oh, what precious words of comfort to the man hanging in agony. And yet what longing for that which could never be.

No word came from Oria again. She had been savagely beaten back. In silence the Aráras waited and watched.

* * * * *

The bird left his perch and began circling round the tree.

"It is over. The Chief has lost his prize," said the Aráras, and quickly, lest the Spirit of the forest should doubt them, loosed the bonds of Oria, and let her go. She sped

away from them like a hare. Then they made ready to move on.

Ah! what was that, that roar as of a thousand jaguars? A war cry! The war cry of the Mundurucús! Oria was leading them. In a moment the Aráras were ringed round with armed men. They rushed to their bows. They had not been prepared for this. They had not reckoned with the Pajé, who with marvellous incantations had drawn the drunkenness out of the warriors into his own body, and lying himself helpless as a log, had sent them forth sober men.

The battle was short. When it finished there was not a single Arára left alive.

On a rough litter four warriors bore the all but lifeless Luruli through the forest, the enchantingly beautiful flower-decked forest, dim to him now as a dream.

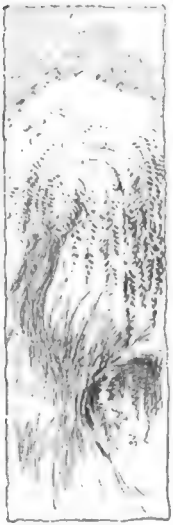
Once there broke faintly on his ears the voice of the Chief.

"Thou must not die, Luruli. I have need of brave men. Live, Luruli, to fight in battle by my side." Words to bring a dead man out of his grave!

Down the stream, and through the mangrove swamp they bore him. Once through the swirling mists of swooning he saw the face and felt the kiss of Oria. It called him back just as he was slipping away. He reached the village alive.

The Pajé in a trance went into the Other World and came back and said Luruli's time was not yet come to die. After such trumpet calls to life how could he die?

He lives, wedded to Oria, and highly esteemed of the Mundurucús—a man who did a great thing, not in hope of love, or reward, or honour, but for the glory of his tribe.



## WHY THE WILLOW WEPT.

"Oh! willow," said the maiden,
"Tell me, why are you so sad?
For with grief, it seems, you're laden
When all other trees are glad.
On the bank you stand a-weeping,
With your branches drooping low,
Where forget-me-nots are sleeping
And the water lilies grow."

"For reply, if you're insistent,"
Said the willow to the maid,
"Then, the day is not far distant
When you wept beneath my shade.
Of my bark you made a pillow,
And your sorrow made me wince,
And so moved me," said the willow,
"I've been weeping ever since."

Said the maid, with blushes burning:
"Even now, across the sea,
There's a little ship returning
With a passenger for me.
So, your bark no more as pillow
In my grief need I employ."
"Then in future," said the willow,
"When I weep 'twill be for joy."

Ada Leonora Harris.

"Falling into the Hands of the Enemy"—Mr. Reg. F. Smith's pathetic picture of youthful greed.

# NASTY : : : JARS.

By Lesbia Robinson.

*Tumbles that Terrify. Illustrated by Leading Humorous Artists.*

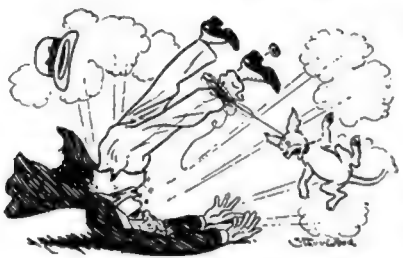
It is chiefly in infancy and old age that we fall foul of our feet, so to speak, and show a tendency to embrace mother earth at inauspicious moments. There are some people, however, who go through life on a sliding principle, and whose legs, as far as stability is concerned, might as well be made of lemon jelly.

Tumbles are apt to be more amusing to the onlookers than to the party actively engaged, and it is a painful fact that nothing arouses more mirth in the breast of the average man or woman than the spectacle of a fellow creature at loggerheads with his legs. You have only to go to the pantomime to prove this. The loudest laughs, the most uproarious merriment always occur when some misguided person falls over a bucket of soapy water or sits down violently in a basket of eggs.

Modern life is conducive to falls, and while some people have a genius for involuntary gymnastics, others are just as proficient in aiding and abetting them. These are the good souls who arrange their feet, so that you take a header over them on entering a 'bus, or thrust out an umbrella to trip you up as you hasten to alight. They are usually people of blameless character, and would be horrified if you accused them of criminal instincts and suggested they were usurping the privileges usually monopolised by banana skins and orange peel.

Tumbles, like military service, may be divided into two classes—compulsory and

Mr. Thomas Henry gives us an encounter at close quarters and within range of bursting shells.

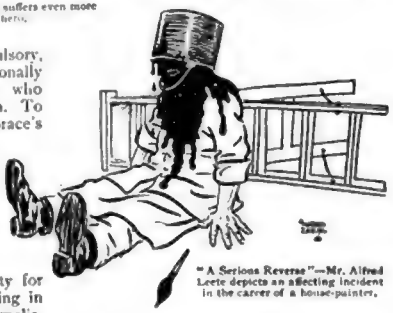


"Distressing Complications"—in which the dog suffers even more than Mr. Starr Wood's unfortunate hero.

voluntary. Most of them are compulsory, but the voluntary system is occasionally resorted to by ill-balanced females who desire to attract reluctant male attention. To stumble over a stile almost into Horace's arms, or trip over a daisy so that he is compelled to assist her to regain the perpendicular, seems to a certain type of damsel a pleasing spectacle of feminine weakness. Horace may think otherwise, but in any case, no sympathy need be wasted on such weak-minded maidens.

There are occasions when a capacity for causing others to fall turns out a blessing in disguise. So it was in the case of Amelia, a scatter-brained little general with a positive genius for setting impromptu death-traps. For weeks at a time Amelia would lead a guileless existence; then her destructive instincts would break forth, and the Slopton family would go in daily peril of their lives.

It was just after the historical occasion when the master of the house had stepped into a preserving pan full of gooseberry jam left casually on the kitchen floor by Amelia, that Uncle Grimes hove in sight. Things were not flourishing with the Sloptons, and Uncle Grimes offered good gold if he might be permitted to dwell for a space among their fumed oak and rosebud chintz. It was necessity more than benevolence that led them to accept, for the old gentleman had never been renowned for sweetness of disposition. Amelia, who had been given notice, was beguiled into staying on, and Uncle Grimes was duly installed.



"A Serious Reverse"—Mr. Alfred Leete depicts an affecting incident in the career of a house-painter.

Mr. Bert Thomas portrays an Anzac keeping his hand in, to the vast discomfiture of Fritz, who has no ambition to be a modern Humpty-Dumpty.

For a time Amelia pursued the even tenor of her way in praiseworthy fashion; not so Uncle Grimes. He abused everything and everybody, and profaned the peace of Syringa Villa with language that would have reduced barbed wire to the consistency of tacking-cotton. Still he showed no signs of departure, though the outraged couple

"Losing His Balance"—the sad plight of the man who comes a cropper under the eyes of a pretty girl, touchingly illustrated by Mr. Cottington Taylor.

would gladly have dispensed with his weekly dole in order to regain their former peace.

Mrs. Slopton was on the verge of nervous prostration when Fate, in the form of Amelia, took a hand in the game. She began by blazing a trail with dust-pans, brooms, and other domestic utensils all over the house and garden. Her master and mistress, accustomed to periodical obstacle races of the kind, trod gingerly and held their peace. Uncle Grimes, on the contrary, waxed furious, and having come off second-best in an encounter with a clothes-basket, delivered his ultimatum. If Amelia offended again she must go—or he would!

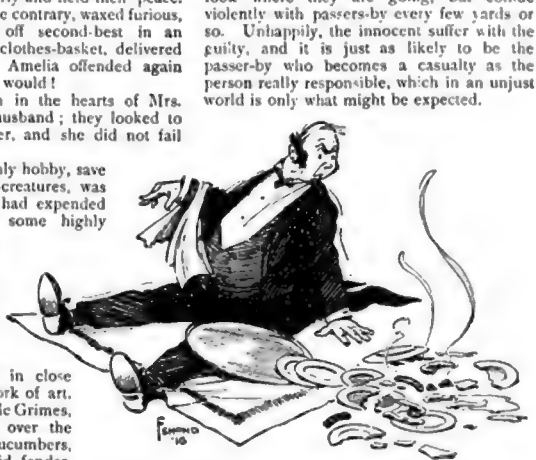
Hope burnt high in the hearts of Mrs. Slopton and her husband; they looked to Amelia as a rescuer, and she did not fail them.

Uncle Grimes' only hobby, save abusing his fellow-creatures, was gardening, and he had expended much labour and some highly sulphuric language on the manufacture of a cucumber-frame. It may have been chance, or possibly a sense of poetic justice, that led Amelia to leave the kitchen fender in close proximity to this work of art. Needless to say Uncle Grimes, burning with zeal over the health of his cucumbers, tripped over the said fender, and took a neat header into the middle of his precious cucumber-frame, from which he was extracted much defaced, and spluttering with incoherent rage.

That night three events of moment took place—Uncle Grimes departed in a taxi, Mr. and Mrs. Slopton for the first time in three months enjoyed a peaceful meal, and Amelia arrayed herself for her evening out in a real silk blouse, a gift presented by a grateful mistress for services rendered.

With minor falls it is not so much the actual pain, which is often slight, as the loss of dignity that is so annoying. If you do the thing thoroughly and break your leg you receive nothing but sympathy; but if you slip up with a tray full of crockery, and measure your length amid the ruins, ribald mirth is sure to be your portion. In any case it is impossible to preserve one's self-respect when you are recumbent in the gutter, or sliding like a human avalanche down the steps at a railway station.

If there is one class of person who deserve falls, it is those aggravating souls who never look where they are going, but collide violently with passers-by every few yards or so. Unhappily, the innocent suffer with the guilty, and it is just as likely to be the passer-by who becomes a casualty as the person really responsible, which in an unjust world is only what might be expected.



"A Fall in Foodstuffs"—Esmond's warning to the waiter whose legs are apt to play him false at critical moments.

Phot A. W. Cutler.

"Dr. Syntax" is one of the most photographed people in Cornwall, and one of the chief attractions of Land's End.

# PICTURE PARAGRAPHS

*The Editor will be Pleased to Purchase Photographs of an Interesting and Out-of-the-Way Nature. All Photographs should be Accompanied by a Short Description.*

## "DR. SYNTAX."

QUITE a feature of Land's End is old "Dr. Syntax," a very remarkable natural curiosity. This old gentleman has had a chequered career, and immediately on his arrival at Land's End—a *great* many years ago—he struck rock bottom.

The doctor boasts neither practice nor patients, but he does not lead a solitary life on this account, as he has a large number of visitors of all sorts. Many of these people call on him for the sole purpose of taking his photograph, or used to do so in pre-war days.

"Dr. Syntax" is of a rather crotchety disposition, and does not give his guests the cordial welcome which a courteous old gentleman should. He is not in the least flattered by their kind attentions—indeed, he regards the interest they take in him as something of a liberty, and would doubtless tell them so if he could.

He appears to be holding forth at this minute!

## TWO HUNDRED EGGS IN ONE NEST.

ALONG the southern coast of Florida one may occasionally detect little mounds of sand on the beach, almost a sure indication of the prolific green turtle.

This creature first digs in the soft sand, by means of its flippers, a pit from fifteen to twenty inches deep and a few feet above high-water mark. In this hole the mother turtle buries herself for two days, and when she emerges she invariably leaves behind a nest of eggs which vary in number from eighty to as many as two hundred. She then fills in the hole and relies on the sun to do the hatching for her.

As soon as they break out of their prison, the young turtles immediately make for the water. This is sometimes fatal, as they are liable to be devoured by large fish.

Photo W. J. Shepherson.

A nest of turtle's eggs found on the beach at Florida. As many as two hundred eggs have been discovered in one nest, which have been left by the mother-turtle to be hatched by the sun.

## WHERE PEOPLE LIVE IN HIVES.

Mesopotamia, where the British have been fighting the Turks, boasts some very quaint dwelling-houses. These "desirable residences" are made of mud, and are shaped like bee-hives, whole villages and towns being built in this peculiar form of architecture. Some of the places which have been recently wrested from the Turks by the hostile Arabs in the neighbourhood of Mecca and Medina are constructed in this extraordinary fashion.

As the country in these parts is destitute of trees from which to hew rafters, and also in some places devoid of stone, the natives build these quaint, domed habitations of sun-dried mud bricks.

This is one of the bee-hive villages which may be seen not far from Aleppo, on the route of the famous Bagdad Railway—that German enterprise by which it was hoped to rob us of Egypt and threaten India.

Each "home" consists of several of these hives standing near together and surrounded by a wall of similar material to that of which the hives are built. One or more of these houses is used to live in, according to the accommodation required, another is used for the animals, and still another serves for the granary. The rest are used for various other purposes, the number of them varying in accordance with the means and possessions of the proprietor.

There is a certain attraction in the idea of possessing an empty "hive" into which one could crawl away and gloom when so disposed, and it would certainly be handy on those depressing occasions when the very person one least desires to entertain looms on the horizon.

In times of peace, European travellers in search of novelty have stayed in these curious erections, and they declare that the dome-shaped roofs are much to be preferred to the ordinary flat variety usually met with in the East, as they keep out the heat; the interior—even during the hottest parts of the day—being comparatively cool.

Photo A. R. Cotter.

This doorway has been cut right through the trunk of the tree and leads from a lane into the grounds on an estate in Herefordshire.

## A DOOR IN A TREE.

A door in a tree is an unusual sight. It will be seen that the wall has been built right up to the tree, and the doorway lets one into the hollow of the trunk.

This door leads from a private lane into the grounds on the estate of Sir John Cotterel, Lord-Lieutenant of Hereford, and is an object of considerable interest to all visiting the neighbourhood for the first time.

Photo J. Sharpe, Ltd.

Houses built in hive-like fashion are to be seen in Mesopotamia. This is a village near Aleppo, on the route of the Bagdad Railway.

# WEEPY KATE

By Christine Jope-Slade.

*"And sorrow trudgeth wrong*
*As echo followeth song."*

I.

The good old 26 'bus swung down Maldon Road and Doctor Benny boarded it wearily.

It was the end of one of his usual days—days that seemed to him sometimes when he lay in bed and reviewed them, nothing but a long dado of white, suffering faces—young, old, middle-aged, brand new faces; and an endless, piteous record of voices which broke and quivered and quavered, and often lapsed into helpless sobs beneath a weight of physical ills which they looked to him to alleviate and cure.

You don't see life in a decorated mirror illuminated by rose lights in Camden Town. You see it in the ugly raw; comedy and tragedy and farce so inextricably mingled that it is impossible to separate them. There were times when Doctor Benny was young and impressionable enough to long to go among his own class and pretend gracefully with them that life was a delicate, beautiful, and vaguely pleasant affair, filled with aristocratic people with aristocratic noses, low voices, and long purses.

He made up his mind, rocking in the gloom, banded in on one side by a fat woman with a string bag full of groceries and on the other by a thin girl with factory asthma, to go to a music-hall, to smoke his pipe and see through a haze of smoke the tinsel unreality of life.

Then the 'bus stopped outside the dairy and an elderly woman got in, and he rose with a tired little sigh of regret and gave her his seat, moving up to the end of the 'bus and standing there.

As the 'bus jolted on he became aware that the girl near his left elbow was sobbing bitterly and hopelessly.

He was used to all the notes in the human symphony of woe—grief, anguish, pain, hysteria, hopelessness, but this quiet sobbing struck a note he did not know and could not analyse.

It puzzled and bewildered him.

He could not see the girl's face properly; passing lights revealed it as it revealed the faces of all the other passengers, white and mysterious, like stemless, waxen flowers in two little rows.

He waited till the 'bus reached its destination and she passed out in front of him; then he spoke:

"Can I be of any assistance?"

Her hair curled back softly and darkly under her violet hat, catching the narrow brim of it with fluffy tendrils; her eyelashes curled back also and her generously-rouged mouth curled up at the corners—as if she mocked Fate even while she fought it.

"I've lost my purse," she said, "and I've got to get home somehow."

Her voice was common, and he saw, when the light from a passing lamp fell on her, that her feet were large and clumsy and encased in cheap boots with dirty white uppers.

"Far to go?"

"Two miles beyond Golder's Green. I've had a day's shopping in town. I walked from Oxford Street to Camden Town—then I discovered two halfpenny stamps in my pocket, so I got a waitress to change them—

told her what was up, and took the 'bus as far as this."

"What are you going to do now?"

"Hit the Finchley Road and walk up it. Goodness knows when I'll get home! I'm dead beat."

She flung out big, well-shaped, ungloved hands.

"Hadn't I better lend you some money?"

"You don't know me," she said, her charmingly-fringed eyes wide with surprise.

"I can give you my card and you can return it by post."

"Would you?" Her voice was tremulous with eagerness.

"Sure," he said easily. "Will half-a-crown see you through?"

"You're a brick—and without knowing me, too! Thanks awfully."

"I'm very glad I was able to be of use," he answered her.

She clasped the money tightly and held out her hand for his card. There was something almost pathetically young and girlish and inexperienced in her relief.

"Thanks frightfully. I'll let you have it back to-morrow."

He smiled a little as he stood looking after her—watching her swing down the road in her short, full skirt. The veneer of acquired gentility in her terribly common voice bewildered him.

Why had she sought to acquire it?

He smiled and turned down Fleet Road to visit his patient.

He was not a type to whom money stood for very much, but he would have staked his life on that half-crown finding its way back into his pocket within the week.

II.

It was a 74 'bus this time, and a God's own morning in May, jewelled and fragrant and wonderful. The doctor boarded it outside St. John's Wood Station and was momentarily annoyed because it was full on top, but he dropped philosophically into the one empty seat by the door, inside, and glanced at his paper.

"Fares, please!"

Then the usual formula was raised; there came a gasp, a little squeak of fright and dismay, and then a woman's piteous voice:

"Oh! I've lost my purse; my purse is gone! Oh! What shall I do! I can't pay my fare!"

He lowered his paper interestedly and over the top he saw an apple-green hat with a gold lace crown, hair that flew up and caught crisply round the vivid edge of it, curly eyelashes, round big, innocent, frightened eyes, and a large mouth generously decorated with cheap rouge.

There was shuffling and wriggling and general dismay and embarrassment and suspicion among the passengers, but the doctor kept the paper before his face and remained stolidly unconcerned. He had just got in and was seated at the other end of the 'bus, so he was above suspicion.

There was a little altercation between an obese lady and a thin young man with a khaki armlet as to who should pay. The young man won.

"It is very, very good of you," said the large, rouged mouth. "Thanks most awfully."

"I hope you are going to friends?" said the obese lady kindly.

"No—I—I haven't one in London. I—I was merely up for a day's shopping."

She began to sob quietly and unrestrainedly.

"I—I'm so ashamed of myself," she apologised helplessly.

"Was there much in the purse?" inquired another sympathiser.

"Eight pounds and my return ticket."

Her grief was wonderful. Watching it furtively, the doctor was amazed at the ability and dramatic talent it showed. It was the quiet, helpless, pitiful sobbing of a bewildered child.

"Where was your return ticket to?" queried the young man eagerly.

"Wargrave."

"Then will you permit me to lend you the money?"

"Would—would you? But—but you don't know who I am!"

Her eyes were frank, startled, eager, half incredulous.

The 'bus stopped and a couple of women got out unwillingly.

Doctor Benny, whose destination it was also, quietly and unostentatiously took a twopenny ticket.

Half-a-sovereign and the young man's card passed into the hands into which his half-crown had found its way.

"I can't thank you enough; it's frightfully good of you. You shall have it back first thing to-morrow."

The young man mumbled, blushed, and got out at the next stopping-place with most of the other passengers, and the 'bus refilled.

Underneath his paper the doctor surveyed the girl's feet. They wore the same cheap, dirty boots, with the white uppers, though the little full, short apple-green dress with the high, gold-lace collar was smart enough in a chorus-girl way.

At the next stopping-place she got out and Doctor Benny with her.

He touched her on the shoulder and lifted his hat.

"You did pretty well," he said quietly.

"Oh," she cried instantly. "So it's you! I'm so glad! Do you know I lost your card that night, and——"

"Cut it out," he advised her placidly.

The veneer dropped; the guttersnipe peeped from the wide eyes, snarled in the common voice.

"What cher going to do with me?"

"Find out why you're playing this fool game. Don't you know you'll get nabbed in the end? That'll mean prison."

"Well, you're not lightening my darkness much. I thought of that ages before your brain started buzzing."

She had the apparent candour which hides the instinctive diplomacy and wary watchfulness of the wild thing seeking an escape. Her eyes sought to appraise and gauge him.

Tears, curses, a mild scene—all such rough-and-ready expedients flashed through her resourceful brain. She dismissed them impatiently, vaguely aware that they would leave her captor unmoved and even amused.

"You're a nice guy, holding a girl up like this."

"Sorry," he apologised.

He took her arm quietly and firmly and turned up a side street.

"You don't look a fool," he said simply. "You are—or you wouldn't be playing this mug's game. Why are you doing it? What were you?"

"Milliner," she jerked at him savagely. "Closed three months after the war—out of work."

"Women are making three guineas a week as munition workers," he reminded her.

"Yes, I'd look fine in one of them stuffy places. I ain't saved up for my coffin yet. I ain't been out of the hospital three months. Double pneumonia; nearly carried me off—and I wish it had!"

Some tempest of feeling swept over her and wrought rough words that fell from her unevenly—as if they burst their way out from some inward chaos against her will.

"Poverty an' honesty—looks well on the cinema bills, don't it? That's about all it's good for. I've tried it and I know. When I was honest I never earned more than twenty-five shillings in my life. Last week I bagged three pounds, six shillings, and elevenpence. Who cares if you're honest! When I came out of the hospital I couldn't wag my little finger without feeling faint; I hadn't a penny and I hadn't a pal. I wasn't strong enough to work with my fingers so I used my brain. I fell in with a bright lot, and they were good to me for all that. They put me up to this 'bus stunt. I'm known as Weepy Kate."

"Very pretty," he said. "And I suppose you wouldn't be honest again if you got the chance? You couldn't go back to your own work?"

"You bet I would if I could earn enough to live on—but not unless! I'm not crazy about this work—I take jolly good care to remember the faces of the conductors and the times of the trains. I don't do the same beat too often, but it's nervy and jumpy—keeps your nerves jiggling every minute."

"From a health point of view then you'd think about it if I could find you work?" he queried ironically.

"You bet."

He hailed a passing taxi.

"Madame Georgette, 65 Cuslew Street," he said.

Then he turned to his staring companion. "Madame Georgette is a milliner and a friend of mine," he told her. "Perhaps with her aid we can turn you into a decent worker again instead of the vile and contemptible little parasite you are. Meanwhile, you'd better scrape some of that cheap paint off your face. Haven't a handkerchief? There's mine. If you must treat your face like a canvas, for heaven's sake, girl, get decent paints. That vile muck would ruin the hide of a rhinoceros!"

There were five hats against an orange background in Madame Georgette's window; they were all black and there was a single flaming azalea in a black pot.

"Looks to me like a joke," said the doctor, glancing at it as he piloted his companion along.

In the grey salon a little woman hurried forward beaming, and the doctor spoke to her in rapid, atrocious French, which she had to endure with composure, and Weepy Kate gazed round. Then he spoke to her:

"Madame will pay you thirty shillings a week to begin with, and you can have a room in her flat upstairs if you will undertake to sweep and dust these two rooms before nine every morning. You get dinner and tea out. You don't look to me worth ten shillings, but Madame considers herself under an obligation to me and is generous. Well?"

"I—I would like to come. It's awfully good of you."

"Hold on. This isn't a 'bus. If you come and see me I'll give you a tonic. You need one. I'll give you my address again. Good-bye. *Au revoir*, madame."

The veneer dropped; the guttersnipe peeped from the wide eyes, snarled in the common voice. "What cher going to do with me?'

III.

She wore elephant grey when she came to see him, shoes to match, and a little grey toque with a huge pom-pom of vivid jade green silk tulle on the top and jade green ear-rings.

"Like it?" she said, twisting round impudently in his consulting room.

"As a Christmas pantomime, yes," he to'd her. "Sit down and tell me how things are going?"

She told him carelessly and happily, but underneath he sensed the cherished treasure of her new-found self-respect.

"I cook Madame's dinner in the evening now. I cook rather well, and she's shown me how to do a heap of things. I love messing about in kitchens. Feeling pots and pans is sort of homely. I'd go crazy over a little flat of my own—and a cat perhaps!"

Her eyes were misty; in them he saw the primitive, domesticated homekeeper ousted from her rightful position by economic pressure and social conditions.

"I say, ain't you got any curtains? You want pretty chintzy things, white and green—cool-looking. I'll make you some."

"It would be awfully good of you," he said. He knew that she asked to give expression to her gratitude and found it impossible to do so in words, so he let her take the measurements, humming happily, while he wrote out her prescription.

She came again to put them up, and he was aware of a subtle and mysterious change in her. The green tulle bow was gone and the ear-rings. She was in elephant grey, unrelieved, neat, demure, essentially feminine. Her manner was softened, too, its crudities and roughness vanished, erased as if by magic. Marvelling he awaited the explanation, and half anticipated it.

"I've got a boy," she informed him jerkily.

"I'm glad."

"He wants me to go down and see his mother. I've seen her photograph. Ever read any of Florence Barclay's books? He lent me 'The Broken Halo' last week. Well, she strikes me as that sort of old party. His uncle is a clergyman. Rum, isn't it?"

She laughed, and her laugh revealed things to him.

"He thinks all women are white angels. He's that sort. Not soppy, but you know—little country boy; hates music-halls."

Her voice cracked.

"Going down?"

"I daren't. I simply daren't. His mother would have it all out of me, and I'd be nothing, with my head on her lap in two shakes of a bee's knee. They always make me soft, those kind of women; they sort of fascinate me!"

"Then he doesn't?" said the doctor tentatively.

"No, he doesn't—and what's more, I can't tell him, to save my life. I'm scared stiff. You've got to."

"I?" said Dr. Benny, startled.

"Yes, you," asserted the girl. "He's got to know I'm Weepy Kate before he trots me down to see his mother—and you've got to make it clear. You've got to dress it all up pretty; make me a sympathetic character; poor little hit-hard-by Fate, and all that."

Her voice rose a little, notifying and warning him of what lay partially concealed beneath her words; the hands she threw out impatiently, trembled.

"You put me in a beastly awkward position," protested Dr. Benny ruefully.

"I'm in a worse one, ain't I? Say, do you reckon he'll turn me down? They don't know the other side of life, those little country boys with white-haired mothers. They don't understand you can be bad as blazes and yet sorry as blazes while you're doing it. They don't understand that you can get so low down, so cold, so hungry, so miserable, that doing it seems the only thing worth while, getting a bit of your own back on someone."

"Unco guid," said the doctor half to himself.

She was winking back her tears fiercely.

"Bring him round here to supper Sunday night!" he advised.

"You're a sport!"

The doctor put his hand on her shoulder.

"Is he?" he queried.

She avoided his eyes.

IV.

He was little, dapper, and good-looking, dressed with care and thought. He had nice manners which were part of his training and a smile which never reached his eyes, but began and ended in a quick flash of strong white teeth.

He had no sense of humour and no sense of fun. He believed he had tact, and this prompted him to accept the honorary post of secretary to several little clubs for which only good arithmetic was needed. He was a treasurer of two football clubs though he never played. It was the ambition of his life to become J.P. and mayor of the little town in which he lived. These social honours were mere petals to add to the fine flower of his own importance.

The doctor sighed for Weepy Kate even as he shook hands with him.

He knew his man. His brain was like a small villa crammed with cheap modern furniture, and though the treasures of the earth were dumped outside his door he would never find room for them. He would not even want to.

Supper was a constrained little meal. The young man was plainly at a loss. His host was obviously a gentleman and a clever man, but it was not consistent with either state that he should wish to reside in a grey slum just off Camden Town, and the young man disliked and distrusted all inconsistencies.

Kate was alternately silent and aggressively conversational. Her eyes were dark-rimmed and weary, and her large mouth, innocent of rouge, drooped pathetically.

She was like a comedy actress enacting a tragedy *rôle*, uncertain of her audience, her fellow-players, and herself.

There was something almost fiercely protective in her attitude towards her young man. It was as though she exulted and triumphed in his suburban niceness and priggishness.

At the end of the meal she left them alone to smoke their cigarettes.

At the door of the shabby little dining-room she looked back—and it was as if she said farewell to the snug, neat conventionalism she yearned for, the little selfish, egotistical, orthodox round of small doings and domesticities and pleasures in which she had hoped to find the Mecca of peace and serenity she had never really known and always longed for.

To her in that moment domestic wifehood and mediocre motherhood seemed the sweetest things life had to offer.

She closed the door very softly and went away.

She was twisting a cushion corner in her fingers when Dr. Benny joined her in his tiny drawing-room a little later.

"Well?" she said, tense and rigid, "was—was my good little boy shocked?"

He nodded.

It seemed to him in that moment that the pitiful littleness, the outraged righteousness, the conceit, the hide-bound hardness of the man he had just left were almost evil. It seemed unnatural that one being should have so much of it and exult in it.

"The Pharisee wasn't in it," he said—and saw that she had not understood. "I left him in the dining-room."

The gentle kindness of his voice confirmed all that she had suspected.

"If you've once gone wrong don't you get another chance?" she said, and slipped past him swiftly.

By and bye he heard her voice at the door behind him again—with never a sob or quiver in it, hard and gay and bright.

"The dining-room is empty!" That was all.

## DREAMS.

In my dreams I have builded a ship for you,
  Not a galleon to weather a gale,
But a little wee boat just to take us two,
  With a pocket-handkerchief sail.
And together we'd glide on the brave blue tide,
  Down to the sunset land,
Where dreams would come true
For me and for you,
  If we entered it hand in hand.
And never a storm would come nigh you, dear,
  And never a cloud mar your way,
But my love would encompass you, banish your fear,
  And turn the black night into day.

But alas! it is only a dream of the night
That will fade in the chill of the dawn's cold light.
For another is sailing with you
In that little wee boat for two,
And alone I stand,
As you sail hand in hand
Down that path I know well, to the sunset land
Where dreams for ever come true.

Edward George.

# CAP AND BELLS

## TRUE HEROISM.

SHE (romantically): "Would you risk your life for my sake?"

HE (ardently): "I'd beard a lion in his den with a safety razor!"

* * * * *

## NO BLOOD SHED.

PROUD COLLECTOR: "I shall never forget the first time I drew that sword."

FRIEND: "Good gracious! I didn't know you were a fighting-man! Where was it?"

PROUD COLLECTOR: "In a raffle."

* * * * *

## INSURED.

"Do moind yez don't git hurt, Pat. It's so dangerous working in that subway."

"Thot's all roight, Biddy. I borrowed five shillings from the foreman, and he don't let me do any dangerous work now."

## THE RHYME OF THE SNOP-A-TOP.

The Snipper-snapper Snop-a-top is always in a hurry;
He snatches lumps of sugar when they take him out to dine,
And manners so improper must induce a lot of worry;
I'm jolly glad the Snop-a-top is not a friend of *mine.*

He bustles down the platform when the train is in the station,
And petulantly kicks his fellow-passengers aside,
Which makes it most unpleasant for his amiable relation
Who travels in the carriage he has chosen for the ride.

The Snipper-snapper Snop-a-top, when visiting the city,
Will plunge into a tea-room in a most aggressive way,
And shout for toasted muffins, till you certainly would pity
The amiable relation who is with him for the day.

He jumps upon the 'buses and he will not wait a minu'e,
But pushing through the doorway (and he fits it very tight),
He won't allow a passage for the people who are in it,
Though everybody tells him they are anxious to alight.

But when the day has ended it's an undiluted pleasure
To see him go to slumber with a whimper and a whine;
And once again I mention, what delights me out of measure:
The Snipper-snapper Snop-a-top is not a friend of *mine.*

John Lea.

*FAIR CUSTOMER: "What did you say when father kicked you out last night?"*

*BUDDING BUSINESS MAGNATE: "Well, you see, I couldn't say anything. He put me in such an awkward position."*

## NAVAL STRATEGY.

*HE: "Haven't I seen you somewhere, some time?"*
*SHE: "Quite likely. I was there then."*

## DIPLOMA-CY.

Mrs. Newlywed was not a good cook, and she knew it; but after marriage she studied at a cookery class with such good effect that in due course she carried off a diploma.

"Yes," she said enthusiastically that evening, "I've got the loveliest diploma you could imagine. It's on sheepskin parchment, with a big red seal. And just in honour of the occasion I cooked that dish you're eating now. It's my own idea entirely. Now just you guess what it is?"

Newlywed went on with his meal in silence for a moment. Then he looked up with a sly grin.

"I don't know, I'm sure," he said hesitatingly. "Is it—er—is it the diploma?"

* * * * *

## MOST UNREASONABLE.

"I say, old man, you've never returned that umbrella I lent you last week."

"Hang it all, old chap, be reasonable; it's been raining ever since."

* * * * *

## NOT FOR HIM.

Softly the nurse smoothed the sufferer's pillow. He had been admitted only that morning, and now he looked up pleadingly at the nurse who stood at his bedside.

"An' phwat did ye say the docthor's name was, nurse, dear?" he asked.

"Doctor Kilpatrick," was the reply. "He's the senior house surgeon."

The sufferer winced and pulled a wry face.

"That settles it," he muttered firmly. "That docthor won't get a chance to operate on me."

"Why not?" asked the nurse in surprise. "He's a very clever man."

"That's as may be," the patient said. "But me name happens to be Patrick."

## FED UP.

A party of tourists who were staying at an hotel in the Scotch Highlands were questioning a gillie as to the prospect of securing game.

"Are there ever any deer about here?" one of the party asked.

"Well," replied the gillie ponderously, "there was yin, but the gentlemen were aye shooting and shooting at it, and I'm o' the opinion that it left the deestrict."

* * * * *

## DIAGNOSIS.

"Yes," said the doctor, with a frown,
"That's what it is, you're just run down;
You've got no illness, not a trace."
He bent and scanned his patient's face.

"I note, of course, that when you speak
Your voice sounds just a trifle weak.
But, take my word, there's nothing wrong:
You are exceptionally strong.

"Your case is one I understand;
'Tis simple quite, I'll take your hand
And set you right." So then and there
The doctor wound his clock with care!

Leslie Mary Oyler.

* * * * *

## SEEN IN HIS TRUE COLOURS.

A short time ago a servant gave notice to leave her situation, informing her mistress that she was about to be married.

As the time drew near for leaving, she addressed her mistress thus:

"Please, mum, have you got a girl yet?"

"No, Bridget. Why do you ask?"

"Because, if you haven't, I should like to stay."

"Why, I thought you were going to marry the sweep!"

"Oh, yes, mum," replied Bridget hesitatingly, "but when I saw 'im after 'is face was washed I felt I could not love 'im."

*My lady's frock is amber silk;*
*Her furs are ermine—white as milk;*
*I judge from such a grand display,*
*He's coming home on leave to-day.*

### REMARKABLE!

Blushing, she hid her face on her father's shoulder.

"He loves me," she breathed.

"Wants to marry you, eh?" the old man grunted.

"Yes, papa."

"What i- his income?"

"I don't know," she murmured, "but the coincidence is very strange."

"What coincidence?" asked the father.

"Clarence," she answered, "asked the very same question about your income."

• • •

### A TREATING QUESTION.

The young man in charge of the "Home Help" column in the local paper took his duties very seriously, and worried all the other members of the staff with questions. One day he ran into the office of the news editor with an open letter in his hand.

"I say, old fellow," he asked, "can you tell me how to treat sick bees?"

The news editor was fed up.

"With respect!" he snapped, turning again to his desk.

• • • • •

### A DIFFICULT FEAT.

A herculean soldier, arriving in town somewhat travel-stained, was passing along the street when he stopped and called on a shoe-black to shine his boots. His feet were in proportion to his height, and looking at the tremendous boots before him, the boy knelt down on the pavement and, hailing a companion near by, exclaimed:

"Billie, come o'er and gie's a hand; I've got an army contract."

*SMALL BOY: "Were you in the Ark?"*
*OLD MAN: "No, my lad."*
*SMALL BOY: "Then why weren't you drowned?"*

### NO FUNDS.

BRENT: "Tilter boasts that no living man could forge his name successfully to a cheque and get it cashed. Has he such a very peculiar signature?"

GRANT: "No. But he hasn't any money in the bank."

• • •

### IDYLLIC—ALMOST!

"Harry," called the young mother to her young husband, as she stood at the foot of the stairs.

A tender smile played over her face as again she called softly—softly so as not to wake the sleeping babe in the room above.

Still there was no response, and quietly she tiptoed upstairs and peeped into the bed-room.

There before the tiny cot, dainty with its lace hangings and blue ribbons, stood Harry, gazing in wonder at his firstborn.

"How he does love that child!" murmured the mother, as, with tears in her eyes, she glided to his side to complete the picture.

Then he turned and saw her.

"Madge," he asked, "how on earth do they get up a crib like this for fifteen bob?"

• • • • •

### HIS GENERAL APPEARANCE.

It was a very wet day, and, consequently, the 'bus was packed like a sardine tin.

One loquacious passenger seated near the door engaged the conductor in conversation, and naturally they talked about the war.

A little further on, the 'bus stopped and all but the one passenger got out.

As the last man's coat tails disappeared through the door, the loquacious one remarked:

"General exodus, that!"

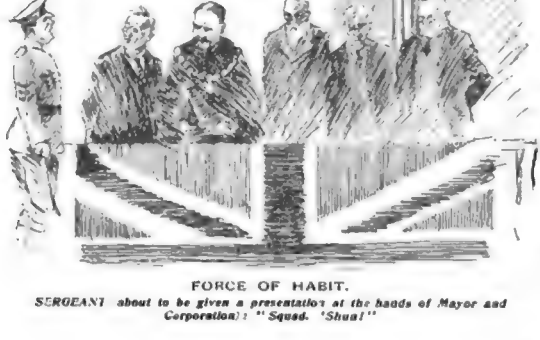
"Was it?" said the conductor, with interest. "I didn't notice him particularly, sir; but I thought he looked like a military man."

• •

### NOT ON THE PROGRAMME.

THE RESCUER: "How was it you came to fall in?"

THE RESCUED: "I didn't come to fall in; I came for 'alf a day's fishin'!"



FORCE OF HABIT.

*SERGEANT about to be given a presentation at the hands of Mayor and Corporation): "Squad. 'Shun!"*

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## After the second lesson

The sketch beneath is a second lesson study by a Pupil—an Officer in the Army. When I asked permission to put it here, he actually "thanked me for my kindness," and described my Course as being "the most practical, up-to-date, and efficient Drawing Course extant." Somehow I should hesitate to make that claim *myself*, but my Postal Courses *do* teach Drawing in a pleasant, easy, and rapid way.

They *do* show the short cut to proficiency; and Army men, as well as members of both sexes at Home, *are* finding cheer and relaxation this way, and many make Profit also.

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*The Man behind the Gun*

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# DAINTY TOILET HINTS.

## Some Old-Fashioned Recipes SIMPLE YET EFFECTIVE.

By MIMOSA.

### How to Discard an Unsightly Complexion.

HOW many women exclaim as they behold their ugly complexion in the mirror, "If I could only tear off this old skin!" and, do you know, it is now possible to do that very thing? Not to actually remove the entire skin all of a sudden; that would be too heroic a method, and painful, too, I imagine. The worn-out cuticle comes off in such tiny particles, and so gradually—requiring about ten days to complete the transformation—it doesn't hurt a bit. Day by day, the beautiful complexion underneath comes forth. Marvellous! No matter how muddy, rough, blotchy, or aged your complexion, you can surely discard it by this simple process. Just get some ordinary mercolised wax at your chemist's, apply nightly like cold cream, washing it off in the morning.

### Why Have Grey Hair?

FEW people know that grey hair is not a necessary feature of age—that it can be avoided without resorting to hair dyes. A very old, home-made remedy will turn the hair back to a natural colour in a few days. It is only necessary to get from the chemist two ounces of concentrate of tammalite and mix it with three ounces of bay rum. Apply this simple lotion to the hair for a few nights with a small sponge and you will soon have the pleasure of seeing the greyness disappear. This recipe is perfectly harmless, is neither sticky nor greasy, and has given perfect satisfaction for many generations to those in possession of the secret.

### A Strange Shampoo.

I WAS much interested to learn from a young woman with beautiful glossy hair that she never washes it with soap or artificial shampoo powders. Instead she makes her own shampoo by dissolving a teaspoonful of stallax granules in a cup of hot water. "I make my chemist get the stallax for me," said she. "It comes only in ½ lb. sealed packages, enough to make up twenty-five or thirty individual shampoos, and it smells so good I could almost eat it." Certainly this little lady's hair did look wonderful, even if she has strange ideas of a shampoo. I am tempted to try the plan myself.

### Blackheads Instantly Go.

A VERY simple, harmless, and pleasant process is now used to remove blackheads and correct greasiness and large pores in the skin. You have only to drop a tablet of stymol, obtained from the chemist's, into a glass of hot water and bathe the face with the liquid after the effervescence has subsided. The blackheads will then come right off on the towel. The enlarged pores immediately contract to normal and the greasiness disappears, leaving the skin smooth, soft and cool and free from blemish. But to make sure that this desirable result is permanent, it is advisable to repeat the treatment several times at intervals of say about four or five days.

### Permanently Removing Superfluous Hair.

HOW to permanently, not merely temporarily, remove a downy growth of disfiguring superfluous hair is what many women wish to know. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that pure powdered pheminol obtainable from the chemist's, may be used for this purpose. It is applied directly to the objectionable hair. The recommended treatment not only instantly removes the hair, leaving no trace, but is designed also to kill the roots completely.

PARKER BELMONT'S GLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY.—[Advt.]

### OBVIOUSLY.

"I say, mother, who said: 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be'?"

"Some person who'd never lived in the suburbs, Tommie."

* * * * *

### JUST AN EXPERIMENT.

"Reckon I look a reg'lar Bluebeard!" quoth "Tommy" as he caught a khaki reflection of himself in a looking-glass.

On going nearer, he gazed at the rough stubble of his chin ruefully, and took a thoughtful look at his watch.

"Just time," he muttered as he pushed open the door of an unknown barber's shop.

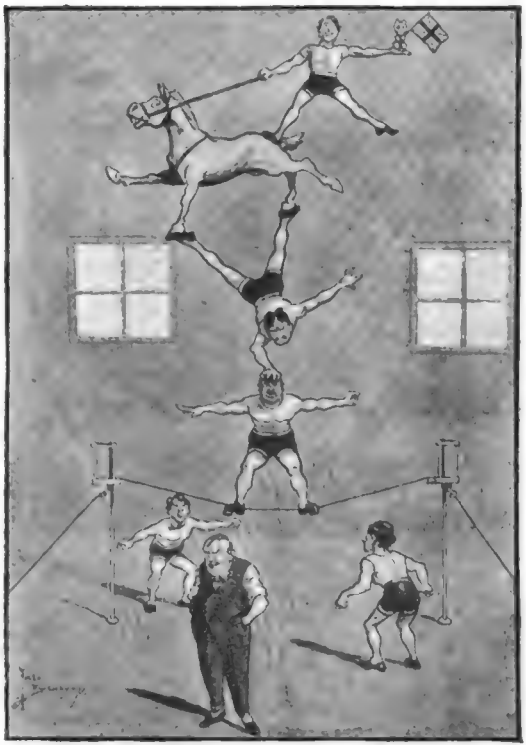
That worthy, with a patriotic fervour, placed himself absolutely at the disposal of "Tommy," and, between various tricky questions on points of war, nicked and gashed our poor soldier's face with consummate skill.

The job finished, the barber surveyed "Tommy" with pride and admiration as he flicked him down with a towel. Our hero, however, again went and surveyed his face in the glass.

"Give me a drink of water," he gasped.

"You ain't goin' to faint?" exclaimed the alarmed hairdresser.

"No—oh, no!" calmly replied "Tommy," staunching the wounds on his face. "I just want to see if my mouth'll hold water!"



*PESSIMISTIC TROUPE PROPRIETOR (after satisfactory rehearsal): 'Even now I don't believe those bloomin' managers'll give us a show!'"*

* * * * *

### BUT NOT INTENTIONALLY.

PROFESSOR: "What three words are most used among college students?"

STUDENT: "I don't know."

PROFESSOR: "Correct!"

* * * * *

### JUST TO MAKE SURE.

"I let my house furnished, and they've had measles there. Of course, we've had the place disinfected, so I suppose it's quite safe. What do you think?"

"I fancy it would be all right, dear, but I think, perhaps, it would be safer to lend it to a friend first."

### NO HARM DONE.

JINGLE: "De Courcy Smythe boasts that he can trace his ancestry back to the Normans."

WINKLE: "Well, the Normans are dead, so they won't mind."

* * * * *

### WAR ECONOMY.

"But if you love me, Madeline, why set the happy day two years away?"

"Because, Horace, it will take me quite that long to use up my monogram stationery."

* * * * *

### ONLY HEARSAY.

WIFE (dining at restaurant): "John, dear, can you see what those people at the next table are eating?"

HUSBAND: "Can't see at all, but it sounds like celery."

### HIS MAIDEN SPEECH.

A local amateur didn't get very far with his speech. "Mr. Chairman," he began, "I—er—I er—I—er——"

"Well," said the chairman kindly, "to err is human." And then another speaker was called on to fill the gap.

* * * * *

### MANŒUVRES MILITARY AND OTHERWISE.

"Bang!" went the rifles at the manœuvres.

"Oo-oo!" screamed the pretty girl—a nice, decorous, surprised little scream. She stepped backward into the arms of a young man.

"Oh," said she, blushing. "I was frightened at the rifles. I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," said the young man. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."

### THE CUSTOMER'S ADVICE.

The mournful waiter had one day
Some troubles to confide;
One kind old man said: "Take my tip,
Look on the brightest side."

The customer soon left the shop,
And paid for tea and cake;
The waiter very sadly found
There was no tip to take!

Dorothy Harrison.

* * * * *

### HE KNEW HIS PUBLIC.

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT: "If you were ordered to disperse a mob, what would you do?"

APPLICANT: "Pass around the hat, sir."

POLICE SUPERINTENDENT: "That'll do. You're engaged."

*YOUNG SNOBSON (who hasn't brought down a bird all day): "Oh, yes, I know Lord Bigmun quite well. I've often shot at his house."*
*CYNICAL FRIEND: "Ever hit it?"*

### NO INVITATION REQUIRED.

MARY ANN: "There's a gentleman wants to see you on business, sir."

MASTER: "Well, ask him to take a chair."

MARY ANN: "He's taking them all, sir, and the table, too. He comes from the furniture shop."

* * * * *

### HARDLY WORTH IT.

"You are in a very bad way," said the doctor after he had given his patient a thorough examination, "but if you will confine yourself to a simple diet, cut out tobacco and alcohol absolutely, and go to bed at nine o'clock every night, there's no reason in the world why you shouldn't live to a ripe old age."

"Well," said the patient, "there may not be any reason why I shouldn't, but can you give me any reason why I should?"

### A WASTED LIFE.

SMALL BOY: "Did you ever catch any whales?"

SAILOR: "No."

SMALL BOY: "Ever shipwrecked?"

SAILOR: "No."

SMALL BOY: "Ever cast on a desert island?"

SAILOR: "No."

SMALL BOY: "Ever caught by cannibals?"

SAILOR: "No."

SMALL BOY (disgusted): "Why, you might as well have stayed on land."

* * * * *

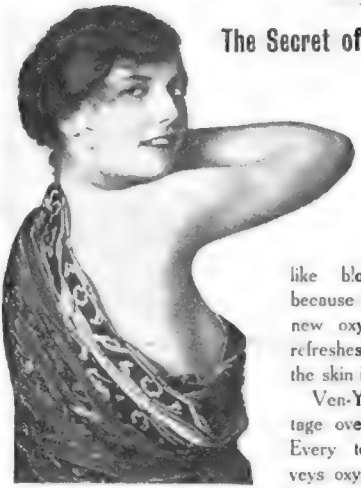
### A GENTLE HINT.

HAZEL (sweetly): "These opera glasses were given to me a year ago."

FRANK: "Aren't they beautiful?"

HAZEL: "Yes, but I discovered this afternoon that they're beginning to rust for lack of use."

# OXYGEN MAKES BEAUTY.



## The Secret of a Lovely Complexion.

THOUSANDS of our women-folk are looking younger than their years. Their skins are soft and clear, their complexions healthy with the peach-like bloom of youth. Simply because they always use Ven-Yusa, new oxygen toilet cream which refreshes, rejuvenates, and beautifies the skin in a natural way.

Ven-Yusa has this great advantage over all other toilet creams. Every touch of Ven-Yusa conveys oxygen to the skin. Oxygen is not only Nature's own skin tonic, but it is also Nature's antiseptic and purifying agent. When she uses Ven-Yusa, a lady literally gives her skin an "oxygen bath."

Make Ven-Yusa your daily habit, and your skin cannot fail to take on a greater and lasting loveliness.

*Miss JOYCE BARBOUR, "The Baby of the Gaiety," writes:—"I am charmed with Ven-Yusa Cream. Its refreshing fragrance and utter absence of grease leave the skin beautifully soft and smooth. I am never without a jar of this valuable preparation."*

# VEN-YUSA

**The Oxygen Face Cream.**

*Sold by Chemists, Hairdressers, &c., at 1/- per jar. Dainty Sample jars sent post free by the proprietors, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds, on receipt of 3 penny stamps.*

# H.P. SAUCE

## Delicious with so many things.

I DON'T know what I'd do without "H.P."—it's the making of the "scrappiest" of dishes—and, of course, with steaks, etc., it makes them simply wonderfully welcome.

Once try "H.P." and you will wonder however you managed without it!

**Buy a bottle to-day.**

# This is the Soldier's Pen because it stands the racket

The "Swan," like a rifle, is made true and sure. The ink magazine is ample, and, at command, the pen is ready for duty immediately. No misfiring. No parts liable to derangement. When fluid ink is unobtainable the magazine may be charged with ink pellets to make ink with water. Supply your soldier with a "Swan" and so keep closer in touch with him.

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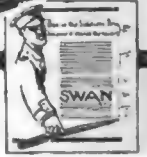



*The above is the finished Advertisement of which the rough preparatory plan appeared last month—see the small illustration.*

# Rosemary's Little Bit.

By C. P. Stanley.

*"A brave revenge*
*Ne'er comes too late."*

I.

Slowly, and with masked lights, the big motor-boat and her convoy of lighters, one lashed each side, crept in towards the shore.

In the lighters alongside the crowding figures of the troops, tense with nervous excitement, might have been so much inanimate merchandise. Steadily she nosed her way in until a bare three feet of water remained under her bows. The lad in charge—he was no more—raised his hand, and four silent, bare-footed figures sprang to cast off the lines that made the lighters fast. So far the attempt had been completely successful. There remained only to disembark the troops waist-deep in the warm water and then rush them across the narrow beach to the friendly shelter of the cliff-base, while the launch under full power sped back to the troopship.

So much for men's planning. The throttled motor, however, cut down to the last revolution and starving for its life-giving elixir as a drowning man for oxygen, protested suddenly with a vicious back-fire, and stopped. For a second dead silence, broken by a single shot from the cliff above; then, seemingly in answer to it, the ray of the searchlight which had so far been sweeping to the west of them, swung round, passed them, hesitated, and swung back, steadying upon them. In a moment all was noise and movement, as the ripple of heavy rifle-fire and the nerve-racking *tut-tut-tut-tut* of the machine guns broke from the heights above. Officers sprang overboard, followed by their men, who, holding their rifles above their heads, cheering and yelling encouragement to each other, waded madly for the beach.

Meanwhile the launch had turned, and, under the impulse of her powerful motors, was bounding seaward at a good eighteen knots. All round her rifle bullets whined and cracked and whistled, the splashes far ahead of her showing discouragingly in the searchlights' rays what distance yet remained before moderate safety might be reached.

Prone on her decks lay the crew, only the lad at the wheel, despite the entreaties of the coxswain, refusing to adopt even a semi-recumbent attitude. And then, as the fire slackened and safety for the moment appeared almost within reach, the heavy "thwack" of a long-range bullet, finding its mark, proclaimed a victim, and, with a gasping cry, the boy fell forward across the wheel even as his coxswain jumped forward to catch him. Midshipman Carrick had complied with the highest traditions of the Service.

II.

Behind Hartland Point, overlooking the Bristol Channel on the North Devon coast, where in summer time the lazy western ocean swell heaves unceasingly landward to shatter itself in silver spray-clouds at the foot of the cliffs, stands an old country house. The owner, a young soldier recently come into his heritage, finding its solitude depressing and preferring to spend such short leave as might be won from active service in France amid the gaiety and bustle of town, had instructed his agents to secure a tenant.

So it came about that Mrs. Carrick, broken at the loss of her only son, and with that love of the sea that is only handed down through generations of sailor folk, took the place for the summer, grateful to escape for a while from the world and give herself over to the solitude of sea and moorland and the comfort that such natures derive from the "wide spaces of the earth."

But if Mrs. Carrick was thus content to surrender to fate, it was otherwise with her twelve-year-old daughter, Rosemary; a child of extraordinary character, at once wilfully determined yet wholly lovable, she had bitterly resented her brother's death. Had she been a man nothing would have deterred her from joining one of the services with the sole hope of avenging him. On hearing of her mother's intention to take the Devonshire house, she had asked a curious question: "Can we see Lundy Island from there, mother?"

"I don't know, darling; why do you ask?" Mrs. Carrick had answered.

"Oh, for no particular reason; I just wondered," was the reply, and the matter dropped.

But there *was* a reason, and the reason could have been found in that morning's paper, which reported the activity of German submarines in the neighbourhood of Lundy. Somehow to the imaginative child's mind it seemed vaguely that to be able to come within touch of where the enemy had actually been might lead to an opportunity of giving information, for might they not return? To her it mattered not whether her brother had been shot by Turk or German. Germany had thrown down the gauntlet; Germany was responsible for the war, and so for his death.

Deep-planted within her fierce little heart was the fixed and solemn resolve that if, by keeping eyes and ears open she might acquire information of use to her country and detrimental to the enemy, she would leave no stone unturned to do so.

It did not take Rosemary very long to look around and take her bearings. First there were the coastguards on the Point to make friends with—no very difficult task, for, if not actually pretty, she was an exceedingly attractive child, and the extraordinary and intelligent interest she took in the passing shipping soon won the confidence and heart of old Tom Puddicombe.

So it came about presently that to the old coastguard she unloaded her heart, ending by extracting a solemn promise from him that if ever in the course of his duty any suspicious circumstance should arise, he would send to the house if possible and notify her at once.

Further, at his suggestion, she learnt the Semaphore and the Morse codes, and in a month she had mastered the rudiments of signalling, and could both send and receive messages accurately if slowly, often practising by communicating simple messages to the island under Tom's direction.

There had been a lull in the submarine campaign for some months when suddenly the sea murders had broken out again. Puddicombe showed her the spots on the chart as, agog with excitement, he told her that his station had been warned to keep an extra bright look-out.

"Oh, Tom," she said, "couldn't I help somehow?"

"Well, missie, not officially like, I don't see as you could, but seeing what you've larnt, and with your young eyes, too, there'd be no harm in my lending the small telescope and you could keep a look-out along the cliff and report to station if aught should happen amiss."

"Oh, yes, Tom, I will, I will!" she said delightedly. "I'll tell mother, and I know she'll spare me."

So it fell out that one evening about a week later Lieutenant Monckley, R.N., landing from an armed patrol boat at Clovelly and making his way to the coastguard station where he had to dispatch an urgent message, his "wireless" having been carried away by a shell, came suddenly upon a pair of silk-stockinged legs waving in the long grass. They vanished as Rosemary, who had been lying on her face scanning the horizon with her glass, rose to her feet at his approach, telescope in hand, and reddening slightly at his amused smile.

"Good evening," he said, saluting her. "Reinforcing the coastguards? I'm just going up to the station; is this the right way?"

"I'll show you," she said eagerly; "I was just going up there myself to return this," tapping the telescope under her arm.

As they walked quickly to the station, despite the urgency of his message, he could not but note the keen attitude of the child, and, interested, he gradually drew her into conversation.

"And so you want to have a cut at Fritz, too, do you?" he asked indulgently.

"They killed my brother," she answered simply.

He nodded gravely. "I understand," he said, and then, won by his sympathetic manner, she told him the story and her ambition to avenge him.

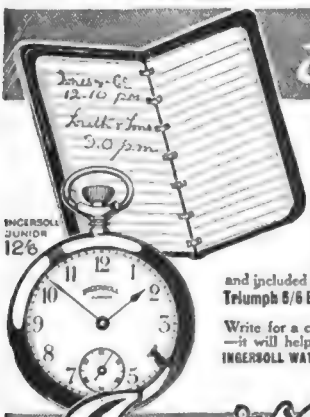
"I think I must call on Mrs. Carrick," he said; "I was once shipmates with the captain of your brother's ship."

"Oh, do, do!" she cried. "Mother would be so glad to see you."

"I will," he said, "but first I must get my dispatch off, and then I shall have to wait an hour or two for my orders, so you shall take me to the house then if you think it will be convenient."

After lunch Monckley told the child a

["ROSEMARY'S LITTLE BIT" continued overleaf.]

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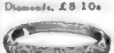
**Bracelet Watches and Gem Rings.**

Diamonds, £8. Ruby and Diamonds £6.

Diamonds, £8 10s.


Amethyst and Diamond points, £5.

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Over 500 different Badges are in stock, and a completion of the Navy and Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments now in training; also a number of Crests are now ready for the Ships of H.M. Navy.

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Burns—"A Red, Red Rose."

# Royal Vinolia Soap

THE poet has often likened the delicate tints of a lady's complexion to the exquisite hues of the rose. The mild, bland properties of Royal Vinolia Soap preserve a healthy skin, on which the lovely bloom and natural colouring of the complexion depend.

Royal Vinolia Soap should be used in every lady's toilet in summer and winter alike, for its emollient and soothing qualities ensure a clear, healthy skin all the year round. Royal Vinolia Soap is delightfully perfumed.

**4D. PER TABLET.**

*Vinolia Soaps are supplied in varieties to suit all tastes and requirements. Amongst these are PREMIER, an ideal soap for family use, 4d. per tablet, and TOILET (OTTO), scented with purest Otto of Roses, 9d. per tablet.*

B.V. 221—22 VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED - - - LONDON—PARIS.

great many things that would not generally be confided to the public. It may have been contrary to the Defence of the Realm Act, it may have been impolitic, it might even have cost him his commission, but he was a good judge of character, and he argued, and argued rightly, that the services of a keen pair of young eyes, actuated by the spirit which dominated this child, might be placed to good account in the circumstances, and so he told her of the big transport that he himself had been waiting to convoy; how she had been delayed in port, and how, instead of passing down channel that night, she would now have to go down by daylight—of the practical certainty of submarine attack and of the difficulty of forestalling it or anticipating the scene of action.

He told her, too, that any time after six o'clock the next morning she might be of great service by watching carefully the waters between Lundy and the mainland. Finally, he sketched the silhouette of a characteristic U boat in several stages of breaking surface, and, having now received the reply to his message and thanked his hostess, with a final word of encouragement to Rosemary and the injunction on no account to tell a soul, not even Tom Puddicombe, what he had told her, he bade them both good-bye and made his way back to the village quay, where his ship's boat awaited him.

It is hard to imagine war and bloodshed on a beautiful summer morning. Rosemary, as she lay in that favourite attitude of childhood's abandon, face down, heels in the air, sweeping the glass-like surface of the sea beneath her, felt something of this. But a sudden recollection of her brother's death banished these softer thoughts, and again she carefully scanned the channel from the horizon to the blue strip beneath her.

Northwards three destroyers were making up channel. Down channel a squadron of the drifter and trawler patrol was dropping, one by one, over the edge of the horizon. So much Rosemary noted, and then with a swirl of waters seemingly almost under the cliff, but in reality about two miles off, emerged the unmistakable superstructure of a submarine.

From Monckley's sketches she had been led to expect to see a mere "stick" at first, and then possibly (after a careful survey through the telescope) the gradual emergence of the conning-tower. The appearance therefore of the whole superstructure with almost the suddenness of a leaping fish took her breath away; even her untrained mind realised that something must be amiss to bring a submarine up in such haste and in such crowded waters.

She focussed the telescope on the craft, which was now completely on the surface, and with beating heart saw the hatch flung back and man after man tumble up on deck into the air, pursued by a cloud of yellow-green smoke. She understood that whatever this might portend the U boat was in trouble and here was her chance at last.

It could not be expected that she should know that on submerging to the bottom the previous night the boat had strained her hull and started a leak, that the electric pumps had failed, and that with sea-water threatening to flood the batteries it had become a veritable race for life whether they should gain the surface or be gassed by the chlorine given off by the electro-chemical action which must ensue.

Rosemary took in the details at a glance; a moment's consideration and her plan of action was formed. North of Lundy, and now hidden by the island, the three destroyers were tearing up channel. She must get to the station and tell Puddicombe or his relief to signal the destroyers through the Lundy station, under which they were passing closely. Excitement leant wings to her feet.

She ran breathlessly on, and in a few moments reached the coastguard station. The outer gate of the enclosure was open, and the retriever that guarded it on his long chain gave her glad welcome with tail and tongue, for they were old friends. But she never heeded him, hurrying into the station calling "Tom, Tom!" She halted abruptly at the sight before her, and well she might, for spread over the table, their heads pillowed on their arms, were the two coastguards, while on the floor, scattered in all directions, were the plates and remains of last night's meal.

Rosemary had never seen death, and may be excused for mistaking the sleep of the drugged for death itself. It only redounds more to her credit that when the first shock had subsided her plain duty rose like a wall before her, and with a gasp of terror she sidled past what she firmly believed was Puddicombe's corpse, and, grasping the Morse key, gave out the Lundy call as he had taught her. Not daring to think of what was behind her, for some moments she tapped out the call, but no answering buzz replied. Then she looked up and understood; the curling wires that led away through the roof of the building had been cut! With a sob of dismay she dashed from the station and ran full tilt into the arms of Lieutenant Monckley, who was walking rapidly towards it.

"Hullo! hullo!" he said cheerily, seeing

her distress. "What's all this about? You're on duty early!"

"Oh, quick, quick!" she cried, "the U boat's there," dragging him to the edge of the cliff and pointing to the 'submarine, which was still emitting the yellow-green gas, but less thickly than before. "There are the destroyers." she continued, pointing to the flotilla, which had now emerged from behind the island, "and, oh, poor Tom is murdered and the wires are cut."

It was, as Monckley said afterwards, "something to be going on with, before breakfast, too." But the Navy is ever resourceful. A quick glance at the interior of the station revealed to him the facts of the case, and that the men were drugged, not dead. Then, all action, he turned to the child.

"Has your mother a car?" he said.

"No! but our landlord has," she said; "we use it!"

"Good! Powerful headlight?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Get the headlight quick," and without waiting to see her obey, as he knew she would, he turned to the station and busied himself with the unconscious men. By the time he had laid them in an easier position and examined the overturned cups in the hope of tracing the drug or obtaining a clue to the enemy agents whose work he realised this must be, she was back with a large motor headlight.

"It is ready charged," she said, and handed him a box of matches.

"Good," he said admiringly. "You think of everything," lighting the lamp as he spoke.

As the air-diluted gas sizzled and flickered he called her again:

"See if the telephone wires are cut." Then, seeing her eye the door and hesitate even as she moved towards it, he smiled reassuringly.

"It's all right," he said, understanding. "They aren't dead, only drugged; cut along."

In a moment she was back. Yes, the wires were cut—all the electric wires so far as she could see had been done for.

"I thought so," he muttered. "Well, the men won't hurt; they must wait. Get me Tom's cap, quick."

In a moment she found it and handed it to him. Seizing it from her, he clapped it over the lens of the lamp, now burning steadily, and, turning the reflector towards the distant destroyers, he began to cover and uncover the light in a series of short but regular intervals, watching eagerly for the answering flash as he did so.

"Keep your eye on 'Fritz,' but don't go far away from here," he called to her.

She had obeyed him blindly hitherto, but now, grasping his object, she nodded excitedly. "All right, I understand," she said.

For some moments Monckley sent out the general call as regularly as the crudeness of his improvised apparatus would permit, and then, as the searchlight of the leading destroyer suddenly sprang to life and flickered back in answer: "They've got us!" he cried. "Now we can carry on," and slowly but as clearly as possible in long and short exposures of the acetylene light, he commenced to send out his message.*

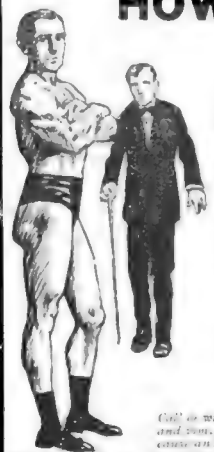
Meanwhile, aboard T.B.D. *Paladin*, a profane and angry signalman was cursing the —— "amatoor" at the shore station, and endeavouring to make sense out of the irregular series of longs and shorts submitted for his interpretation. For, in addition to the rough method employed, the motor lamp, brilliant as it was, was by no means easy to read in the morning sunlight. "'Is shorts is all longs and 'is longs shorts, and 'is spacing don't exist," he growled. At last, with an apologetic "that's the best I can make of it, sir; 'es sending very irregular," he handed over the signal pad to the officer of the watch, who regarded it intently for a few moments, made a few pencilled alterations, and then, much to the signalman's surprise, with a low whistle grasped the voice-pipe to the chart-room, where the skipper was shaving, and said something which brought that worthy to the bridge, lather brush still in hand, one side of his cheerful countenance rasped clean and the other soaped for sacrifice.

The pad read: LITZINTKOUBLETMOMILES-NWHEKEYOMFLUFFSXEED, from which Signalman Blacker had evolved "Lights in trouble two miles N.W. here you must ——?" admittedly a not very enlightening message, but, since the tendency of an indifferent sender is to mix the "opposite numbers" and send Fs for Ls, Ks for Rs, Ys for Cs, and Xs for Ps., and *vice versa*, it is sometimes an advantage to transpose these letters, and thus the officer of the watch appreciated what his more expert subordinate failed to grasp for want of imagination. So that out of apparent chaos he had evolved: "'FITZ' IN TROUBLE 'TMO' MILES N.W. HERE. COME FULL SPEED"—a message which, barring the

* It may not be generally known that the brilliancy of the electric arc is such that even in bright sunlight this form of signalling is that usually resorted to for long distance work in the Navy. The acetylene flame would not be nearly so effective, hence the difficulty in reading in this case.

["ROSEMARY'S LITTLE BIT" continued overleaf.]

# HOW YOU CAN WIN



You've got to have "grip" and "nerve" to win in any kind of a contest, whether it be for athletic honours or for success. Men who accomplish big things, who succeed when others fail, are the men with force and energy, men who have courage to venture when others hesitate.

Many a man is held down to some small, thankless job, working like a machine, year in and year out, with no prospect of getting an increase in pay, who could just as well be earning a "fat" salary if he had the strength and vim to get up and hustle.

The spirit of hustle comes from sound, vigorous health, and when a man is tortured every hour of the day by worry over his physical incapacity he cannot muster the strength and courage to get in and force his way to the top.

Give us the man who is kept down by lack of energy, backwardness, despondency, lost vitality, or weakness of any kind, and we will make a man of him by filling his nerves with the fire of life—electricity.

It is the man with "backbone" who gets the good job. It is the aggressive hustler that gets the promotion when there is a vacancy. A man without energy has no inclination to hustle. Don't go around dragging one foot after the other. Get some life into you. Build up your courage and vim with the "Ajax" Battery.

The "Ajax" Battery is the electric invigorating device which pumps a stream of energy into the body. It renews the feeling of ambition. It makes men out of slow-going, discouraged weaklings. If you have a pain it will drive it out. If you have stomach trouble, lumbago, sciatica, kidney or liver complaint, or just a loss of nerve force, the "Ajax" Battery will restore you to perfect health.

## THIS IS FREE

*Call or write for our 80-page illustrated book, which tells how to restore health and vim. It will open your eyes to a lot of things you should know regarding the cause and cure of disease. Write at once, to-day, for free book and advice.* AJAX LD

**THE BRITISH ELECTRIC INSTITUTE (Dept. 21), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.**

With Rending Roar,
Our shells (grilt).
They "strafe" the more,
Thanks to Fluxite.

# FLUXITE

is used in the manufacture of shells, bombs, and other munitions, because it is recognised as the best material for soldering these or any other articles. Both Amateurs and Mechanics, the world over, will have Fluxite. It

## SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

Of all Ironmongers, in tins, 7d., 1 2 & 2 4.

THE "FLUXITE" **SOLDERING SET**
contains a special "smallpiece" Soldering Iron, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc.

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# BITRO-PHOSPHATE

*"The World's Greatest Nerve Food"*

MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS

**CURES**
Neurasthenia, Nervousness, Insomnia, Mental Depression, Physical Weakness, and Lack of Ambition

Makes the Weak Strong and the Strong Stronger — Trebles Endurance and Prevents Fatigue.

A Two-weeks' Supply Costs only 2/6.

**ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR IT TO-DAY.**

# *Pressed into Service*

Everybody is doing something for the State—even the turtle. Freeman's have pressed him into little SOUP CUBES—the real rich meat of selected West Indian Turtles—so that real Turtle Soup, once the privilege only of the rich, is now, in these days of high prices a delicacy easily accessible to every household for a few pence per person.

Of all Grocers and Stores in 1/- Cartons.

Freeman's Watford

Two of the Best

# Player's Navy Cut Tobacco and Cigarettes

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking"

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut
Player's Medium Navy Cut
Player's "Tawny" Navy Cut
per 7d. ounce

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per 8d ounce

Player's Navy Cut De Luxe
per 1/6 2-oz. tin.

Gold Leaf Navy Cut—
Tin of 100 . . . 3/8
Tin of 50 . . . 1/10

Medium Navy Cut—
Card Box of 100 . . 3/-
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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
REGISTERED No 154011

For distribution to wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at home, and for the Front at Duty Free Rates. Terms on application to:—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM.

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

P664.

*Your friends in a hundred troubles*

*THE EVERYDAY NEED.*

"Vaseline"

Trade Mark Registered.

PREPARATIONS.

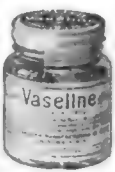
YELLOW.
This is our regular grade, which is known to users all over the world.
Bottles 3d., 6d., and 10d.

WHITE.
Highly refined.
Bottles, 6d., 10d., and 1/6

PERFUMED WHITE.
No. 1 (bottle in carton) . . 2/-
No. 2 size, handsome bottle in carton, with glass stoppers . . 1/6
White and Quinine Pomade . . 1/-

POMADE. Blue Seal 3d. & 7d. bottle
No. 1 size, bottle, in carton, 6d.
No. 2 size, bottle, in carton, 1/-

*If not obtainable locally, any article or the value of 1/- and upwards will be sent Post Free to any address in the United Kingdom, upon receipt of Postal Order or Stamps. Interesting Booklet with complete list of "VASELINE" Preparations, and containing many household hints, post free.*



**ADVICE.** For your own safety and satisfaction, always insist upon Chesebrough Co.'s own original bottles.

Chesebrough Manuf'g Co. (cons'd), 42 Holborn Viaduct, London.

trifling omission of the "r" in "Fritz" and the substitution of "m" for "w" in "two" (the mere neglecting of a dot), had caused him to speak so urgently down the voice-pipe to the chart-house that the skipper all but cut himself.

The further effect was a hurried signal to the destroyers astern, and with helms hard over and their turbines humming a thirty-three knot tune, the flotilla bore up for Hartland, and such further orders as the apparently erratic transmitter ensconced thereon might give them.

"Thank God!" said Monckley, as he saw the long shape of the leading destroyer foreshorten as she came round, while the searchlight flashed the "understood" signal. "If only 'Fritz' can't dive, we've got him. Now, little girl," he said quickly to Rosemary, "you've done splendidly, but we haven't finished. The destroyers will be here before I can get my ship to sea, but for all that I must try. I wish you could signal," he added musingly.

"I can," she cried eagerly.

"What, really, Morse and all?"

"Yes," she said, "I am quickest at that."

"Oh, good! Excellent!" he said. "Then listen. You must remember that so far the submarine does not know the destroyers are making for her. We are high up here, and can see both parties. Nor do I think they have seen us signalling; they are too occupied with their own troubles. Now I'm going to get aboard my ship; she's in the bay. No, child!" seeing the look in her eyes. "By gad, I'd like to, but I daren't take you. Besides, I want you here. Directly the destroyers ask you for further information, as they may if the submarine has not moved, make the signal 'two miles N.W. here.' If she succeeds in diving, add 'dived five minutes ago' (or whatever the time may be—you have a watch?), but so far as I see, though the gas is lessening, the destroyers will pick her up before she can get her hatches closed. Now I'm off, you quite understand? I shall be back this afternoon. Come down to the quay to meet me. You will see the ships come in, and you shall have tea aboard and be properly thanked. As for Tom and his mate, just let them sleep. You can send for the doctor when you see we've got 'Fritz' safe, but don't leave here before. Neither of them will hurt." And, with a cheery nod, he was gone.

As he had foreseen, the destroyers, driven to their utmost limit, were on the spot almost before he could weigh anchor. The Germans, seeing their danger, made frantic attempts to get to their engines, as Rosemary could see through the glass, but either they were not equipped with smoke helmets or in the first rush for air had left them all in the interior of the vessel, and as man after man essayed to descend the conning-tower he was driven back by the lingering fumes. One indeed, failed to reappear, and, in an agony of apprehension, Rosemary waited to see the vessel move off. She did not know that even had she been able to move on the surface it would not have availed her against the speed of the destroyers, nor that the man had failed in his attempt and paid for his temerity with his life. And so it came about that the quaint little Devon village was presently startled out of its senses by the appearance in the bay of three grim destroyers, one of which towed the captured U boat. Later a military escort, summoned by telephone from Bideford, arrived to take over the prisoners.

"I'd like to meet that flapper," said the senior "skipper" of the Destroyer Flotilla when he heard Monckley's story.

"Well, why not? You're waiting orders. I'll bring them to tea; I promised to," said Monckley. "She and her mother."

So the somewhat doubtful wardroom pictures were hurriedly taken down and piled in the doctor's cabin, and more fitting photographs of relatives and friends dug out of odd nooks and corners and distributed about to cover the consequent air of bareness. One Squire-of-Dames even volunteered to go ashore and pick wild flowers, but as this was deemed likely to give him an unfair advantage he was sternly repressed. In a really tactful little speech, in which he congratulated Mrs. Carrick on her daughter's courage and resource, while also gracefully and sympathetically alluding to her son's death, the skipper, to do him justice, expressed very ably the feelings of the whole mess. But far less elegantly, though with no less feeling, he put the matter that night, when, raising his glass of port, he simply said: "Here's to a thundering brave kid!" They drank it standing!

That night a powerful car left Bideford for London, its occupants showing small desire to delay on the road. It is worthy of note, however, that they never reached their destination, but were stopped by a cart full of stones drawn across the road just west of Salisbury. Amongst other curious adjuncts to the pleasures of a motor tour found in the car by the police were a bottle marked "laudanum," half-empty, and a stout pair of wire-cutters of peculiar design, and bearing the name of a well-known enemy firm.

# MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

*Good News and a Word of Advice.*

## THE FLAPPER'S SUCCESSOR.

For six months the Flapper has flitted through the Royal with her attendant swains, capturing your hearts as she did theirs with her dainty impertinence. Now she is a flapper no longer. It is another victory for the Navy, as you will see if you turn to page 517. But to soften the blow we have our eye on a successor in the shape of a gallant subaltern, whose adventures will be recorded by the gifted creator of the charming April. The subaltern will make his bow in our Christmas Number, which, by the way, will be a specially festive one and full of good things.

## THE FRESH AIR FUND.

Royal readers, ever generous, have responded nobly to Miss Gladys Cooper's appeal on behalf of the children, and the shillings have rolled in merrily, each one giving some poor kiddie a day in the country. But we want still more shillings, so please help us all you can.

I acknowledge, with many thanks from Miss Cooper and myself, the following amounts:

Amounts previously acknowledged: £237 10s. 9d. M. M. Weigall, £25; Capt. T. W. Best, £5 5s.; Mrs. O. Winterbottom, £2 12s. 6d.; Col. C. H. Hopkins, £10 10s.; Mrs. Laycock, £2 2s.; W. Bodell, 12s. 6d.; E. F. Shepherd, £1 17s. 6d.; R. S. S. Ingram, £4 7s. 6d.; Lieut. G. Baker, £1 5s.; Miss Oldfield, 5s.; Cornwall Reader, 1s.; Mrs. Bitram, 1s.; Miss Frank, 2s.; Bunch of Flowers, 1s.; Miss Beattie, 5s.; H. D. Beaty, 5s. 6d.; Mechanical Transport Workshop of XV. Corps Siege Art. Park, £1 19s. 2d.; Miss L. Hill, £1; D. A. and F. R., 2s.; B. Oakshott, 7s.; Mrs. F. E. Moore, 2s.; S. Short, 5s.; Mrs. Cunningham, 5s.; Mrs. W. F. Nunnery, 12s. 6d.; Mrs. G. North, Mr. F. North, and Mrs. F. Dawson, £2 10s.; W. H. Madden, 12s. 6d.; Pussen, 5s.; Peter and John Lane, 12s. 6d.; per Miss Gladys Cooper, £1 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. Lloyd, 5s.; E. V. J. K. Agius, £2; Mr. and Mrs. G. Kennard, £1 5s.; per Gladys Cooper, 1s.; Mrs. Harvey and Mrs. Stanley, 3s.; Anon., 1s.; A. T. S. Holt, £1; Mrs. and Miss Johnson, £1 2s. 6d.; W. Smith, 1s.; Miss E. Brilliant, 5s.; A. Reader, 1s.; Mrs. S. Walter, £1 1s.; Mrs. Sloane, 2s.; Miss Woodhouse, 1s.; W. W. Pigott, 10s.; Miss F. Hunt, 12s. 6d.; A. A. C., 10s.; Mrs. G. Cressy, 2s.; Joelle and Jimmie Jaye, 10s.; O. T. Walton, 12s. 6d.; Mrs. O'Halloran, 12s. 6d.; B. Moore, 1s.; First Leave, 5s.; F. E. H., 1s.; Anon., 5s.; Joe, Nan, and Eddy Miller, 3s.; per Miss Gladys Cooper, £1; Mrs. Cook, 12s. 6d.; Mrs. Berryman, 5s.; Mrs. Compert, 4s.; Anonymous, £2 2s.; Mrs. Cooper, 12s. 6d.; A. O'Halloran, 5s.; Araminta, 1s.; Mrs. Treey, £1; G. Pallard, 1s.; Miss K. K. Smith, £1 5s.; per Miss Gladys Cooper, 7s. 6d.; Miss Greenhill, 1s.; Working Woman, 1s.; Miss Draper, £1; P. A. Lloyd, £1 5s.; H. T. Hendin, £2; Members of Mess Room, Mess Hut, *Australia*, £3; Miss Rothery, £3; J. Banks, 10s.; Countess of Lindau, 12s. 6d.; Miss F. M. de Winton, 2s.; Capt. C. W. Lanham, £1; A. C. Pitcairn, 1s.; Mrs. Smith, £1 5s.; A. E. 5s.; Aviator, 10s.; F. L. Rainbill, 2s.; M. Adams, 2s.; Bad Fairy, £1 5s.; Anon., 3s.; Diana and Baby Foster, 5s.; W. W. Pigott, Jun., 2s.; Gaylor, 5s.; Col. Mason, £1; Anon., 1s.; K. Buscombe, 1s.; A Friend, 1s.; Best Wishes, 2s. 6d.; Nancy, 10s.; Col. J. J. Cruikman, £2 10s.; Joan and Billie, 2s.; H. Mitchell, 5s.; R. F., 2s.; Anon., 2s.; Mrs. Nathan, 5s.; F. A. Wells, 2s.; Mrs. Rasewell, 12s. 6d.; R. Scott, 1s.; Mrs. Sanders, 12s. 6d.; M. Anderson, 1s.; Lieut. F. Johnson, £1 5s.; Anon., £1 10s.; Mrs. Baseley, £1 5s.; Mabel and Rex Thomas, 5s.; Mrs. R. Dowsett, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Pierpoint, £1; Anon., 2s.; Bert F. B., £1 1s. 2d.; W. N. Burgess, 12s. 6d.; C. Bennieb, 5s.; Mrs. Wilkinson, 4s.; Mrs. Barnett, 2s.; W. P. Jones, 5s.; J. Johnston, 5s.; Broken Leg, 5s.; Anon., 5s.; Mrs. Davies, 12s. 6d.; Nora McCulloch, 5s.; W. Jenkins, 12s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; Mrs. Edmonson, 5s.; In Memoriam, 5s.; Mrs. Wright, 10s.; Anon., 10s. 6d.; Miss M. Clarke, 5s.; Col. Follett, 12s. 6d.; Misses Pratt 1s.; E. M. Saunders 1s.; Misses Tucker, 10s.; W. Graham, 1s.; W. Baddeley, 1s.; W. R. McCaw, 12s. 6d.; Pte. Lowry and Two Boys, 5s.; E. Welford, 10s. 6d.; D. C., 10s.; D. Pocock, 1s.; G. Jackson, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Wood, £5; Mrs. Paterson, £1 5s.; M. B., 2s.; Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Tormentia*, £10 10s.; R.G.A. 66 South Hook, per Major A. E. G., £6 11s. 6d.; P. Sherdwick, 2s.; Miss E. Taylor, 5s.; Mrs. and K. M. Bixoby, 3s.; A Mother, 2s.; Mrs. Holrod, 10s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.

Grand (Royal) Total: £383 6s. 7d.

## CRADLES OR COFFINS?

"The declining birthrate is the most vital problem which now confronts the nation," says Mr. James Marchant, F.R.S. Ed., in an arresting little book just published by Pearson's, at the price of 1s. The book deals frankly and delicately with the urgent necessity for repairing the ravages made by war in the ranks of our manhood, and urges the sweeping away of any artificial limits that may be hampering the birthrate. It is a book which every thinking citizen should read and ponder over.

## RESULT OF OUR PHOTO-PUZZES COMPETITION.

I have pleasure in announcing below the winners in our Photo-Puzzes Competition, which ran in the Royal from April to July, and proved exceedingly popular.

One competitor succeeded in solving all the pictures correctly, and the first prize of £50 is therefore awarded to:

**Mr. V. O. Lawson, 144 Grove Rd., Clapham Park, S.W.**

while the second prize of £20 goes to:

**Mr. Charles Singer, 10 Alperton Street, Queen's Park, London, W.**

The value of the five £5 Pathéphones and the ten consolation prizes of ten shillings each (making a total of £30) has been divided between the senders of the twenty-six attempts which come next. Here are the names of the lucky winners:

Corporal W. L. Anderson, 37th Signal Co.; T. Charles, Clapham Junction; Miss M. Lawson, Eltham Park; H. M. Scott Sutton, Mishkpinar A Day, H.M.S. *Britannia*; J. W. Vickerman, North Ferriby; G. E. W. Broade, Lieut. R.E.; G. F. Sophianopoulos, East Dulwich; Lance-Corporal J. S. Cooper, 7th Bufts.; Mrs. Furrest, Jun.; Miss Ford, Wandsworth Common; E. Marris, Golder's Green; B. N. Faulkner, Altrincham; Capt. P. B. Allott, Weymouth; D. A. B. Tonks, Lieut. R.N.V.R.; Miss M. M. Hancock, Leicester; Mrs. G. Shepherd, Hammersmith; W. Wyrick, Horncharch; Engineer-Artificer R. W. Happe, R.I.M.; Mrs. M. Vesey Cobbett, Wimbledon; H. R. L. Etherington, Golder's Green; Gordon Finch, Carshalton; Mrs. A. Train, Wimbledon; J. Alcock, Eastchurch; Miss P. Houston, Ayr; H. O. Stockton (Lieut.), Andover.

The correct list of solutions is given below:

1. Sewing machine. 2. Violin case. 3. Coal scuttle. 4. Hot water jug. 5. Step ladder. 6. Kettle. 7. Fire shovel. 8. Violin. 9. Soda syphon. 10. Cartridge in clip. 11. Letter clip. 12. Scent spray. 13. Paper weight. 14. Medicine bottle. 15. Office chair. 16. Typewriter. 17. Potato masher. 18. Japanese sunshade. 19. Tobacco pouch. 20. Watch. 21. Trouser press. 22. Boxing glove. 23. Sugar tongs. 24. Roller skate. 25. Pair of pliers. 26. Microscope or magnifying glass. 27. Key. 28. Paste bottle. 29. Automatic pistol. 30. Cricket bat. 31. Boot tree. 32. Pair of hair brushes. 33. Indian club. 34. Tennis racket in press. 35. Electric torch. 36. Hair waves. 37. Fretsaw frame. 38. Alarm clock. 39. Colour box. 40. Cornet. 41. Loofah. 42. Man seated.

*'To CURE—is the Voice of the Past.*
*To PREVENT—is the Divine Whisper of the Present.'*

# INDOOR WORKERS

When brainwork, nerve strain, and lack of exercise make you feel languid—tired—"blue"—a little

# ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient for over 40 years has been the standard remedy for constipation, biliousness, impure blood, and indigestion.

It is *not* from what a man swallows, but from what he digests, *that* the blood is made; and remember that the first act of digestion is chewing the food *thoroughly*, and that it is only through doing so that you can reasonably expect a good digestion.

Unsuitable food and eating between meals are a main cause of indigestion, &c., because introducing a fresh mass of food into the mass already partly dissolved arrests the healthy action of the stomach, and causes the food first received to lie until incipient fermentation takes place.

*A Judicious Rule.*—"1st, Restrain your appetite, and get always up from the table with a desire to eat more. 2nd, *Do not touch anything that does not agree with your stomach, be it most agreeable to the palate.*" These rules have been adopted in principle by all dieticians of eminence, and we recommend their use.

***'A LITTLE at the RIGHT TIME is better than Much and Running Over at the Wrong.'***

**ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' IS SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND STORES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.**

Prepared only by

**J. C. ENO Ltd., 'Fruit Salt' Works, London, S.E.**



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## A SHOE OF SERVICE
For the Outdoor Lady

14/6

IT IS A SHOE THAT'S SURE to SATISFY THE WEARER

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**HANDSOME MEN** are slightly embarrassed. "Eyebrene" gives the right [illegible] tion impossible, genuine 1/3, 2/6, and 10/6 [illegible] Laboratories, 457 Church Street, Stoke Newington, London.

**FATE.**—Money returned if horoscope untrue. Send 1/- P.O. and 2d. stamps for correspondence horoscope, time date, month, year of birth.—Prof. Norton Verity, 4 Duke Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

**SMOKING HABIT** positively cured in 1 hour; [illegible] special [illegible] 1/-.—H. H. gives P.N. Lend 1st Bit [illegible] Worcester.

**FOREIGN STAMPS FREE:** Grand [illegible] Rhodesia, Russian, [illegible] Jamaica, Transvaal, and [illegible] Packet [illegible] Empire [illegible] Wars [illegible] for [illegible] Bright & Son, Southsea, 67.

**GOLDSTON'S MAGIC.** Cabinets of [illegible] 1/6, 2/6, 5/-, 10/6, 21/-, Others [illegible] 7/6 to £2 2s. We have the largest assortment stock of tricks in the world. Illustrated list and puzzle, post paid, 2d.—Will Goldston, Ltd., Dept. R.M., Aladdin House, 73 Green Street, Leicester Square, London, W.C.

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**PEACE'S LOOM OFFERS.** Why pay fabulous prices. CURTAINS, Muslins, Overmantels, Blankets, Down Quilts. Half to Price. Write for Catalogue. S. Peace & Sons, 120 The Looms, Nottingham.

**DRUNKENNESS CURED,** quickly, [illegible] permanently, cheaper [illegible] from.—Capt. [illegible] Chemist, 52, Birmingham.

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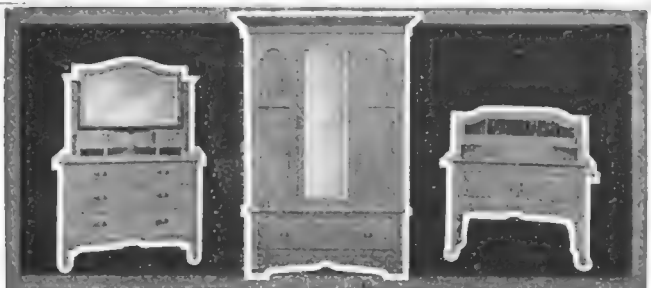
**ENGINEERING BOOKS!**—Great success [illegible] free.—Bentley's, Engineer's, Halifax, England.

## Look to our Fighting Men's Toffee-Rations

Toffee-de-Luxe contains more sustenance than many things eaten solely as food. Butter, sugar, and thick rich cream are contained in it, and blended in a cunning way Mackintosh's know, to make it the most delightful, very extra special Toffee ever tasted. It's nothing but economy, any time, to eat Mackintosh's sustaining sweetmeat, that costs so little and yields so much. And it's simply a duty to treat our fighting boys to lots and lots of it. Ask a soldier or a sailor.

# MACKINTOSH'S
## TOFFEE DE LUXE MINT DE LUXE

The latter is Toffee-de-Luxe with the addition of Peppermint—selected as carefully as the other ingredients. Both are sold by all Confectioners at 1/2d. per oz.



*The "Burghley" Bedroom Suite.*

4 ft. Wardrobe, 3 ft. 6 in. Dressing Table, 3 ft. 6 in. Washstand (Towel rail attached), Two Chairs. All in Solid Fumed Oak, Mirrors Bevelled British Plate, Dressing Table and Washstand mounted on Castors.

**£20 : 10 : 0** Discount for Cash. — EASY PAYMENT TERMS £1 in down, then 10/6 per month

Carriage Paid in the United Kingdom on receipt of first payment. Colonial and Foreign Orders specially dealt with. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded in full.

**FREE** A VALUABLE [illegible] will save you pounds.

**GLOBE Furnishing Co.** (Dpt. D), (J. R. Grant, Proprietor), **Pembroke Place, LIVERPOOL**

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**CONQUERED**

No more misery. Get rid of the drink habit in 3 days.

After being a heavy drinker for years I was saved [illegible] Inebriety. The diseases who wanted to stop for ever [illegible] Marvellous Success. [illegible]

**Drinkers Secretly Saved.**

If a person is addicted [illegible] he has but [illegible] secretly, will become diagnosed [illegible] Medical Institutionists [illegible] Joyous news [illegible] drinkers and for wives, mothers, [illegible] Book sent, plain wrapper free. Keep this [illegible] Address. EDW. J. WOODS, 10 KOZPOLK ST. (425 A.C.), LONDON, W.C.

# LAME PEOPLE

should send to R. M. Glover, 2 Brundrett's Rd., Chorlton - cum - Hardy, Manchester, for particulars of his PATENT NON-SLIPPING SILENT PADS for CRUTCHES, PIN-LEGS and WALKING-STICKS. Inventor a User. Splendid Testimonials

**REAL BEAUTY**

OATINE alone produces real beauty, first rate the skin of all complexions and makes it clear, fresh, velvety and young. Ask yourself about your skin. Is it as it should be? Are the pores clean and fresh? If not, try OATINE; it produces "skin health."

In white jars, 1/- & 2/3. Ask for—

**Oatine FACE CREAM**

GET IT AT YOUR CHEMIST'S.

*This is the drink that makes the strength, that makes the shells, that makes the guns shout "Victory!"*

**Vi-Cocoa is the most sustaining and invigorating beverage, giving power to resist fatigue and tone up the entire system.**

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**Accept this great offer made to introduce in this country a totally new method guaranteed to permanently remove even the deepest creases within one week.**

Nothing even remotely resembling this new Japanese method has ever been heard of in this country before. That is the only reason why so many women now have wrinkles and still consider them incurable. I want one thousand ladies in this country to remove their wrinkles by this method and agree to recommend it to their friends AFTER it has done all I claim. This is frankly an advertising offer, but the names and addresses will be treated as strictly confidential and not used in any way. I prefer applicants to be from forty to seventy years of age, and the more wrinkled their faces are the more pleased I shall be to make them look ten to thirty years younger.

Remember I am not asking some ridiculously exorbitant price to try this method, nor do I charge you for any "instructions." I bind no one to secrecy, and do not claim ability to remove wrinkles by means of any sort of "flesh food," face powder, plasters, lotions, or pastes, prescriptions, medicines, steaming, bandages, masks electricity, exercises, massage, apparatus, or any mechanical appliances whatsoever. In fact, I have no toilet articles of any kind to sell you for removing wrinkles, and I do not recommend any complicated "treatment" or "system," either duplex, triplex, or any other sort of "plex."

I guarantee to hold this offer open to all applicants for one month from the time this announcement appears. SEND NO MONEY, but, if convenient, three penny stamps may be enclosed for my posting expenses. There is no obligation of any kind. Merely address Mme. Y. Miyako (Suite 25), 133, Oxford Street, London, W., and your letter will receive prompt attention, under plain, sealed cover. I agree to return even your postage in full if you are not surprised, astonished, and delighted by what I send you.

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For Breakfast & after Dinner.

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Wilkinson's Patent Reproduced Imitation Linoleum. The perfect wall cloth at a price of leather. Will not crack, wear, or fade. Unequalled for Bathrooms, Kitchens and Passages. Hygienic, Durable, Economical. Write for Patterns and prices free. Depot 39, Catesbys Ltd., Lambeth, W.

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IF YOU SUFFER from nervous worries, feeling resembling lack of self-confidence, will power, mind lacking in brightness, or low, weak-minded in the presence of others, you should send at once for a copy of my guaranteed cure in 15 days. Address: ALBERT SMITH, 693 Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London.

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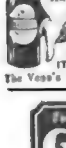

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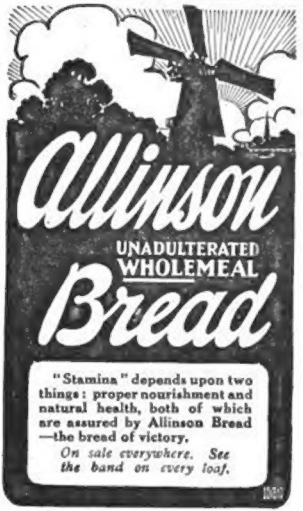
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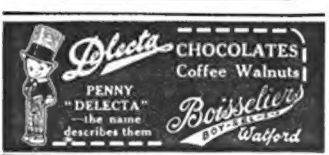

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# HOW DRINKING HARD WATER CAUSES LIVER AND KIDNEY DISEASES.

**Jim Sullivan, Physical Trainer of the London Scottish, explains a natural cure for these disorders, also for gall stones, uric acid troubles, etc.**

Bladder and gall stones usually commence to form in warm weather, when we drink large quantities of water, which is often much too hard; that is, it contains considerable lime in solution. When the kidneys happen to be weak, deposits of lime and urate of soda are a natural consequence, and hard water also causes liver congestion, so the intestines become like a stagnant gutter, holding all impurities and breeding more. Rheumatic disorders, such as gout, lumbago, and sciatica are not usually so troublesome in warm weather, but this is the time to get rid of the uric acid, because the skin pores are open and very active, whereas in cold weather they contract and, by closing, throw great extra strain on the kidneys and other eliminative organs.

JIM SULLIVAN, *Ex-Middleweight Champion.*

The popular cure for disorders of the liver, kidneys, etc., is an occasional "month" at a spa, but we cannot all manage that, especially just now. However, if you want an exact reproduction of Nature's own curative water, such as one drinks at celebrated medicinal springs, get from any chemist some ordinary refined Alkia Saltrates, and drink a level teaspoonful dissolved in a tumbler of water. It is a marvellous liver stimulator, kidney flusher, blood purifier, and general system cleanser, to regulate the bile flow and drive out dangerous toxins, which excite the heart, poison the nerves, and give you that constant tired feeling, while lowering your body's disease-resisting power. I know what it is to feel "run down" myself sometimes, but never need anything except Alkia Saltrates, and I always have men in my charge use this common and inexpensive compound, which effects a NATURAL cure without the bad after effects medicine so often produce. As a solvent and eliminant of painful uric acid crystals, calcareous deposits in the joints and muscles, or any other impurities, you cannot possibly get anything better. Also drink the saltrated water occasionally and avoid all such disorders in the future.

Jim Sullivan

*SPECIAL NOTE.—We are informed by a large London firm who refine a specially high-grade of Alkia Saltrates, that during the next ten days they are willing, as an advertising offer, to supply a regular 1s. 6d. size packet free to anyone interested if applicant cares to send 6d. merely for the postage and packing—Address: The Saltrates Company (Dept. 84), 214 Great Portland Street, London, W. An authoritative treatise, giving full directions, useful diet hints and outlines of treatments followed at numerous celebrated spas, will also be sent free with each packet.*



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# Maternity

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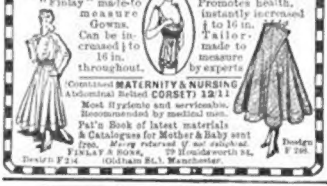

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## Acidity

Many eminent specialists regard acidity of the stomach as the underlying cause of most forms of indigestion and dyspepsia, and for this reason they invariably recommend the use of pure

# Bisurated Magnesia

half a teaspoonful of which should be taken in a little water immediately after meals. It instantly neutralises the acid, prevents all possibility of food fermenting, and permits the process of digestion to proceed without hindrance.—*Obtainable of all chemists. Price 1/3 & 2/3 per bottle.*



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## Coal Tar Soap

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# Get this Famous British Skin Remedy

Antexema is an extraordinary remedy. It succeeds when doctors, hospitals, and ointments utterly fail. The cures worked by Antexema are astounding. In every town in the Kingdom you will find enthusiastic admirers of Antexema, whose enthusiasm is due to it having completely cured them, after they despaired of temporary relief even. People whose lives were one long martyrdom owing to cruel eczema, others whose faces were disfigured by rash, eruption, or ugly spots, victims of bad legs, tortured day and night by their affliction, have been cured by Antexema, the wonder-worker. To-day not a sign of skin illness remains to worry or humiliate. Get a bottle at once.

Antexema gives immediate relief. One minute you are tortured beyond endurance, and then you apply Antexema. Instantly the inflamed spot is cooled and soothed. the horrible itching stops, and soon your skin is thoroughly well.

## Apply Antexema instantly

There is nothing else in the world like Antexema, for it always succeeds, even when every other treatment has utterly failed. It is not a messy, greasy ointment, but a beautiful, non-poisonous healing cream, prepared in our own laboratory from the original prescription of the well-known physician who, more than thirty years ago, discovered this marvellous remedy. Antexema cures bad legs, eczema, rashes, pimples, blotches, bad hands, insect bites, and every other skin illness of infants or adults. However long your suffering has lasted, Antexema will cure you completely and finally. The first application starts you on the road to perfect skin health.

## Begin your cure at once

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows, at 1/3 and 3/- per bottle, or direct post free, in plain wrapper, 1/6 and 3/-, from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, South Africa, and Europe.

*This little announcement is simply to call attention to Antexema Soap, a pure medicinal toilet soap, at the reasonable price of 6½pence a tablet. Keeps blotches, irritable, rough skin smooth and clear, and prevents blackheads. It is wonderfully purifying, and its antiseptic properties protect against infection. The best possible soap for your child's bath.*

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*---and such a Shave.*

A shave, sir, that will surprise you. The keen-edged blade, adjusted to the perfect position, takes the beard off like magic. No scraping, no forcing — just one simple continued movement that leaves behind it a smooth skin freed from hair. It's the essence of luxury to use a "Clemak," and the truest economy to buy one.

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## Safety Razor

*Get your dealer to show you the Clemak—compare its value—satisfy yourself as to its simplicity and economy. . . ENQUIRE TO-DAY.*

Silver-plated Clemak Razor with stropping handle and SEVEN BLADES ... ... ... **5/9**

Clemak Stropping Machine (as illustrated) complete with superior Velvet Hide Strop ... ... **4/6**

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